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- Who qualifies to become the Prime Minister of India?
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# TERRORISM AGAINST NATURE

**A**fter two world wars in the first half of the twentieth century, though the world has not been completely free of wars, the one word that is being bandied about in the second half is 'terrorism' which has as its victims innocent people.

Can you imagine Nature as another innocent victim? If so, who are the terrorists who attack Nature? Human beings, of course, and we had been duly warned of the consequences. One has only to recall what happened in different parts of the world in the *last hundred days*: two earthquakes in Indonesia followed by tsunami; earthquakes in the Andaman and Nicobar Islands; floods in Assam, Maharashtra, Bihar, and China; heavy rainfall all over north India; volcanic eruptions; a sudden rise in temperature in places like California. Many other calamities are casually brushed away as "natural", without giving a moment's thought as to why Nature should turn its fury against human beings, who cannot any longer claim to be "innocent".

For quite sometime, people have started thinking of the consequences of such climate changes. They have realised the kind of penalty the world is paying for "unsustainable human activities" that are heating up the globe.

We have often been told that the ozone layer acts as a giant umbrella over the earth and protects us from exposure to the sun's ultra-violet radiation. When there is a depletion in the ozone layer, high levels of ultra-violet radiation reach the earth's surface which threaten our environment and health, too. The thinning of the ozone layer results in global warming and environmental and ecological imbalance.

In short, the Earth is in the grip of a crisis, and there is stonger evidence now than ever that the damage done to natural climate patterns has reached a point of no return. It is not for nothing that the United Nations ten years ago decided that the world should observe an international day, September 16, preserve the ozone layer. Remember, life on the earth depends on the ozone layer. Man should forthwith stop his activities of terrorism against Nature.

If they want peace, nations should avoid the pinpricks that precede cannon shots.

It requires more courage to suffer than to die.

- **Napoleon**

Aye, fight! But not your neighbour. Fight rather all the things that cause you and your neighbour to fight.

- **Mikhail Naim**

Do your deed and know yourself.

Necessity is a violent schoolmistress.

To make a crooked stick, we bend it the contrary way.

- **Montaigne**

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***Reader Khushbu writes from Patna:***

Your July issue is very good. "The Strange Bird" and "Good for Nothing" are very good stories with a moral. "The Royal Gambler" is an interesting story. It was enchanting to me. I have a suggestion. Please give the meanings of difficult words on a different page.

***Ramhari U.Gholve of  
Lonavala writes :***

My children Rajani and Rohit, after reading our Prime Minister's message published in your August issue, feel like calling on Dr.Manmohan Singh to assure him that they would always stand by him in facing internal or external threat. Print media, like *Chandamama*, is playing a very important role among children with national and public interests.

***This came from G.Kirthana of  
Bangalore:***

*Chandamama* is very informative and interesting. I like the Vikram-Vetala stories, the humour stories and the Arabian Nights stories. I have learnt many new English words from *Chandamama*. The magazine helps me pass my time usefully in my leisure hours.

***This came from T.Sai Ravi of  
Jeypore (Orissa) :***

I am a new reader of this magazine. All the stories and riddles impress me a lot. I love each and every section. The story "Akbar finds Birbal" was excellent. I really love to read this magazine.

***By e-mail from Aishwarya :***

I daily read *Chandamama*. I am also a member of your site. The story 'Who is not blind?' is really nice. I am really moved by reading such stories.

# MAIL BAG







NEW TALES  
OF KING  
VIKRAM AND  
THE VETALA

# THE TEMPLE ATOP THE HILL

**T**he cremation ground presented an eerie spectacle on that dark night. The moon was hidden behind the clouds, and it was drizzling intermittently. The pitch darkness was relieved only by occasional flashes of lightning that lit up the sombre scene, causing an eerie dance of jerky shadows in the cremation ground.

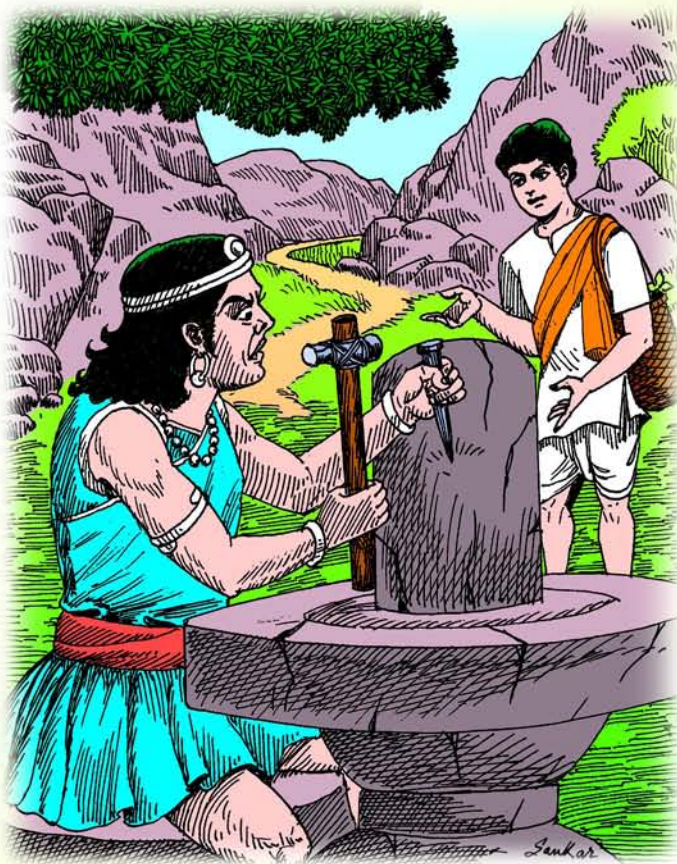
Occasionally, a jackal's spine-chilling howl or the blood-curdling laughter of some invisible evil spirit cut into the silence that hung like a shroud over the area. Altogether, it was a scene that would strike terror into the bravest heart. But nothing could daunt the intrepid King Vikram. Once again, he made his way to the gnarled tree from which the ancient corpse was hanging. Bones crunched under his feet, and a screeching ghost rose from the dust in shuddering frenzy as he marched determinedly ahead.

Oblivious to everything but the mission at hand, he brought the hanging corpse down by cutting the rope with his sword. Slinging it astride his shoulder, he had just begun his return journey when the vampire that possessed the corpse said, "O King, why are you persisting so relentlessly at this futile task? Your misguided zeal appears to be the result of some curse. But all is not lost; you still have the option to see sense and turn back. Otherwise, I'm afraid you'll share the same fate that befell Bhola, a courageous and good-natured youth who painstakingly achieved a great feat, but foolishly threw away the benefit it brought him. Listen to his story!"

The tale the vampire narrated was as follows:

A steep hill bordered the village of Sivapuri. From afar, the villagers could dimly discern a large, beautiful temple atop the hill. It had been there for as long as anyone could remember. But no one had ever seen the temple





from close quarters; nor did anyone know which deity had been enshrined there.

Among those living in the village was a teenage boy named Bhola. He had grown up listening to tales of gods and devotees. Right from his childhood, he had dreamt of climbing the hill and exploring the mysterious temple.

Finally, one day he told his mother of his wish. She became very agitated and cautioned him, “Son, don’t even think of embarking on such a foolhardy journey! Don’t you know Sivanand, the *yogi* who lives in our village? He once set out to see the temple on the hill. But he ended up losing one of his eyes! So stay away from that hill – it’s dangerous!”

However, Bhola was not ready to give up so easily. He went to meet Sivanand. The *yogi* said, “In fact, I had managed to reach the summit. However, there I had an encounter with an angry *yaksha*, and it was his curse that defeated me. If luck is on your side, you’ll certainly succeed in your mission.” He then proceeded to give him some directions.

Next morning, long before anyone in his family was

awake, Bhola crept out of the house. As per Sivanand’s instructions, he carried some bilwa leaves. Sivanand had told him to offer the leaves at the feet of the stone *Sivalinga* at the bottom of the hill, and make the journey, bearing the leaves on his head as Siva’s *prasad*. He did so, and found that because of the Lord’s grace, the thorns and stones on his way failed to hurt his feet.

It was noon by the time he neared the top of the hill. He heard the sound of someone chiselling away on stone. Moving in the direction of the noise, he came across a godlike figure carving a *Sivalinga* out of a rock. He realised that this was the *yaksha* of whom Sivanand had spoken. Going closer, he bowed to him.

The *yaksha* thundered, “You, an ordinary mortal, how did you dare to come up here? Don’t you know better than to interfere with us *yakshas*? Long ago, a man did reach here. And he lost one eye to my curse!”

Without an iota of fear, Bhola calmly replied, “I know all that. It was the same unfortunate man who told me all about you. He also told me that a group of *yakshas* had descended on this hill for hunting when they spotted a tribal chieftain worshipping a stone in the form of a *Sivalinga*. They drove him away and shattered the stone into pieces...”

At this point the *yaksha* cut in, “I was among the *yakshas* you’re talking about. My name is Yasodhar. Soon after we had driven away that tribal chieftain, Lord Siva himself spoke up in a booming voice – ‘You have wounded and insulted an innocent devotee of mine; moreover, you have smashed an idol of mine that he was worshipping. As a punishment for your sinful acts, you cannot now leave this peak until you have constructed a temple for me, and installed within it a flawless *Sivalinga*. Only a selfless devotee of mine can help you in this!’”

Hearing this, Bhola asked in surprise, “O *yaksha*, is it such a difficult task to create a flawless *linga*?”

The *yaksha* made a gesture of helplessness. “That is the one area where success has constantly eluded us. Long ago, we finished building a beautiful temple as ordered by the Lord, but we’re unable to carve a perfect *Sivalinga* for consecration. Look at this one I just made – it has already developed cracks on its surface! The



same thing happens with each *linga* we make. Thus, our task remains eternally incomplete, and we're stranded on this hill!"

Bhola was moved by pity for the *yaksha*'s plight. Standing with folded hands in front of the flawed *linga*, he prayed to Lord Siva, "O merciful lord! Countless devotees of yours, in my village and the nearby areas, yearn for a glimpse of you. For their benefit, I beseech you to place yourself in the temple – so that we all may worship you!"

Lo and behold, the cracks in the *Sivalinga* vanished and the next moment, it vanished from view. Bhola and the *yaksha* Yasodhar ran to the temple, and saw a flawless *linga* installed in the *sanctum sanctorum*. Yasodhar ran to call his fellow *yakshas* to behold the miracle.

After they had all offered worship to the deity, the *yakshas* turned to Bhola and thanked him for his help. Yasodhar said, "Now that our mission is complete, we have to return to our domain. You're indeed a great devotee of the Lord; we couldn't possibly find a more suitable person to manage our temple. Please stay on here and take care of the temple affairs."

Bhola humbly but firmly answered, "I'm grateful to you. You've done us human beings a great favour by building a grand temple where we can offer worship to Lord Siva. Now, I've only one more request – kindly restore the eyesight of the *yogi* who lost it partially by your curse. I'm honoured by your kind invitation, but regret to say that I can't take it up. Please let me take my

leave." And he turned and swiftly walked away.

Concluding the story at this point, the vampire demanded, "O King, whatever caused Bhola to turn down the *yakshas*' offer in such a peremptory manner? Had the knowledge that he had accomplished something they had failed to do, gone to his head and made him arrogant? Or had he temporarily taken leave of his senses? Why else would he give up this heaven-sent chance of worshipping his favourite god? If you know the answer, speak out – otherwise, your head will shatter into fragments!"

Calmly and unhesitatingly, King Vikram answered, "Bhola's adventurous spirit and his zeal to emulate the great devotees whose stories he had heard helped him to scale the hill – a task none had hitherto succeeded in. when he saw the miracle achieved by his selfless devotion, his mind was elevated to a higher spiritual plane. He saw the job of managing the temple not as a reward, but as a responsibility that would tie him down to worldly life. His aim was not personal glory but the uplift and welfare of society as a whole. In short, his aspiration was for greater things; hence, he turned down the *yakshas*' offer."

On hearing this, the vampire nodded in approval, before going off into peal after peal of thunderous laughter. The next moment he, along with the corpse, moved off the king's shoulder with a jerk and flew back to the tree. King Vikram gave a little sigh as he gazed upon the scene. Then, he squared his shoulders and retraced his steps towards the ancient tree.







From the  
pen of  
**RUSKIN  
BOND**

# HEARD OF SNOW-WOMAN?

**I**t was raining when we woke up. The mountains were obscured by a heavy mist. We delayed our departure, playing football on the veranda with one of the pumpkins that had fallen off the roof. At noon the rain stopped and the sun shone through the clouds. As the mist lifted, we saw the snow range, the great peaks of Nanda Kot and Trishul stepping into the sky.

'It's different up here,' said Kamal. 'I feel a different person.'

'That's the altitude,' I said. 'As we go higher, we'll get lighter in the head.'

'Anil is light in the head already,' said Kamal. 'I hope the altitude isn't too much for him.'

'If you two are going to be witty,' said Anil, 'I shall go off with Bisnu, and you'll have to find the way yourselves.'

Bisnu grinned at each of us in turn to show us that he wasn't taking sides, and after a breakfast of boiled eggs, we set off on our trek to the next bungalow.

Rain had made the ground slippery and we were soon ankle-deep in slush. Our next bungalow lay in a

narrow valley, on the banks of the rushing Pindar river, which twisted its way through the mountains. We were not sure how far we would have to go, but nobody seemed to be in a hurry. On an impulse, I decided to hurry on ahead of the others. I wanted to be waiting for them at the river.

The path dropped steeply, then rose and went round a big mountain. I met a woodcutter and asked him how far it was to the river. He was a short, stocky man, with gnarled hands and a weathered face.

'Seven miles,' he said. 'Are you alone?'

'No, the others are following but I cannot wait for them. If you meet them, tell them I'll be waiting at the river.'

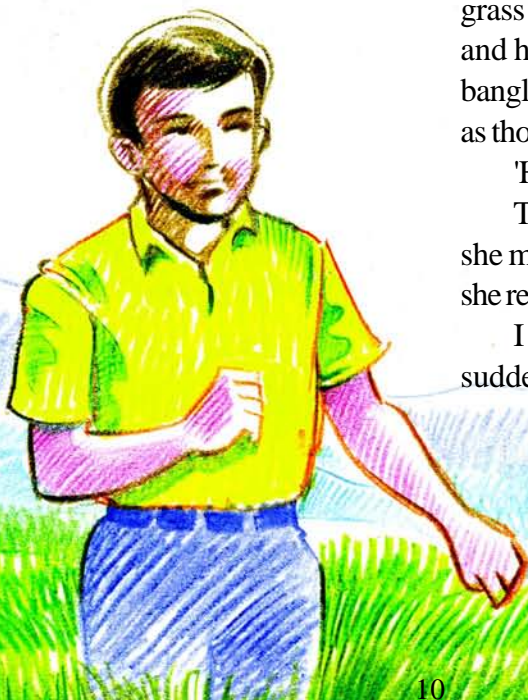
The path descended steeply now, and I had to run a little. It was a dizzy, winding path. The hillside was covered with lush green ferns and, in the trees, unseen birds sang loudly. Soon I was in the valley and the path straightened out.

A girl was coming from the opposite direction. She held a long, curved knife, with which she had been cutting grass and fodder. There were rings in her nose and ears and her arms were covered with heavy bangles. The bangles made music when she moved her hands: it was as though her hands spoke a language of their own.

'How far is it to the river?' I asked.

The girl had probably never been near the river, or she might have been thinking of another one, because she replied, 'Twenty miles,' without any hesitation.

I laughed and ran down the path. A parrot screeched suddenly, flew low over my head—a flash of blue and





green—and took the course of the path, while I followed its depping flight, until the path rose and the bird disappeared into the trees.

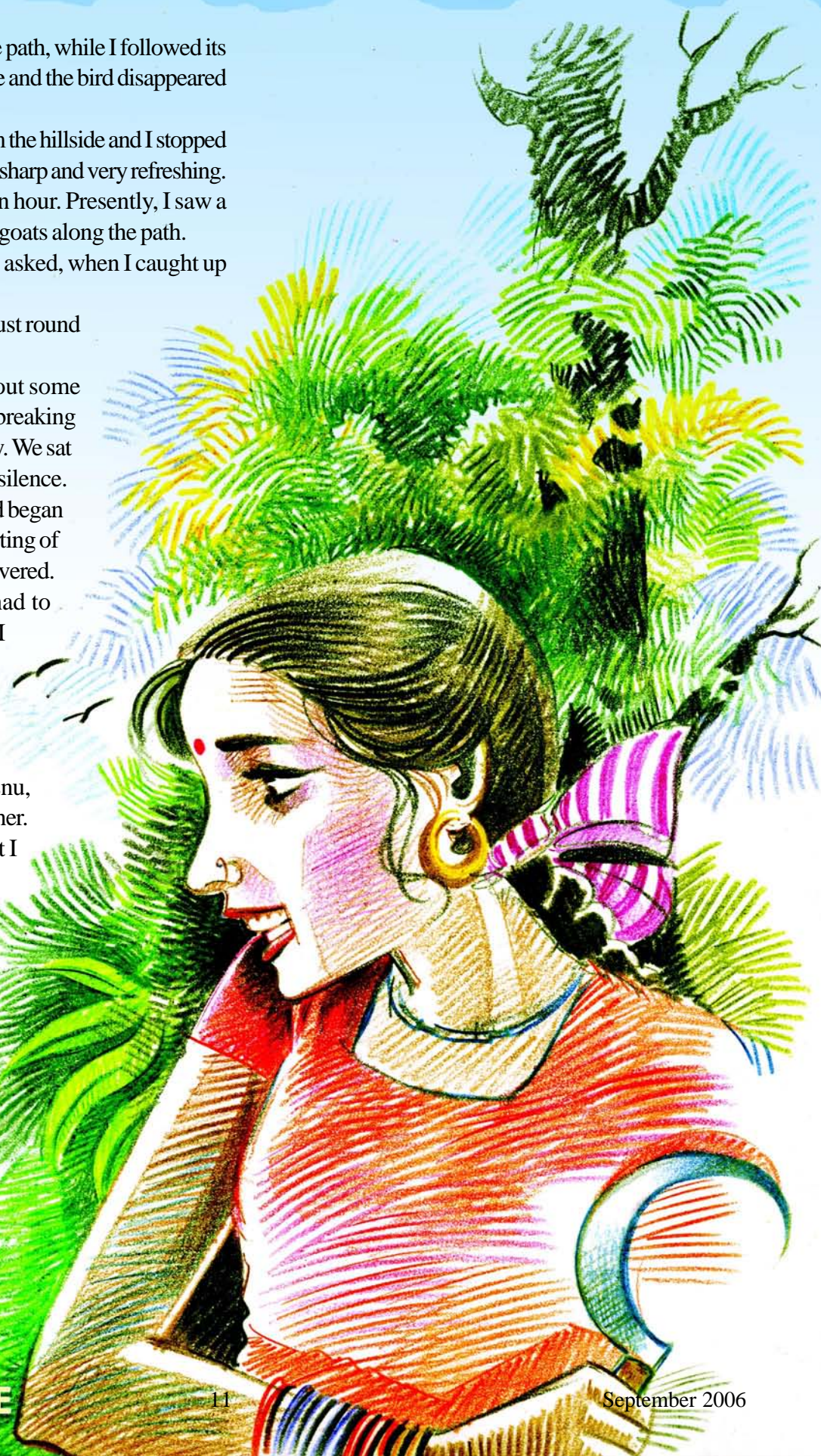
A trickle of water came from the hillside and I stopped to drink. The water was cold and sharp and very refreshing. I had walked alone for nearly an hour. Presently, I saw a boy ahead of me, driving a few goats along the path.

'How far is it to the river?' I asked, when I caught up with him.

The boy said, 'Oh, not far, just round the next hill.'

As I was hungry, I pulled out some dry bread from my pocket and, breaking it in two, offered a half to the boy. We sat on the grassy hillside and ate in silence. Then we walked on together and began talking; I did not notice the smarting of my feet and the distance I had covered. But after some time the boy had to diverge along another path, and I was once more on my own.

I missed the village boy. I looked up and down the path, but I could see no one, no sign of Anil and Kamal and Bisnu, and the river was not in sight either. I began to feel discouraged. But I





couldn't turn back; I was determined to be at the river before the others.

And so I walked on, along the muddy path, past terraced fields and small stone houses, until there were no more fields and houses, only forest and sun and silence.

The silence was impressive and a little frightening. It was different from the silence of a room or an empty street. Nor was there any movement, except for the bending of grass beneath my feet and the circling of a hawk high above the fir trees.

And then, as I rounded a sharp bend, the silence broke into sound.

The sound of the river.

Far down in the valley, the river tumbled over itself in its impatience to reach the plains. I began to run, slipped and stumbled, but continued running.

And the water was blue and white and wonderful.

When Anil, Kamal and Bisnu arrived, the four of us bravely decided to bathe in the little river. The late

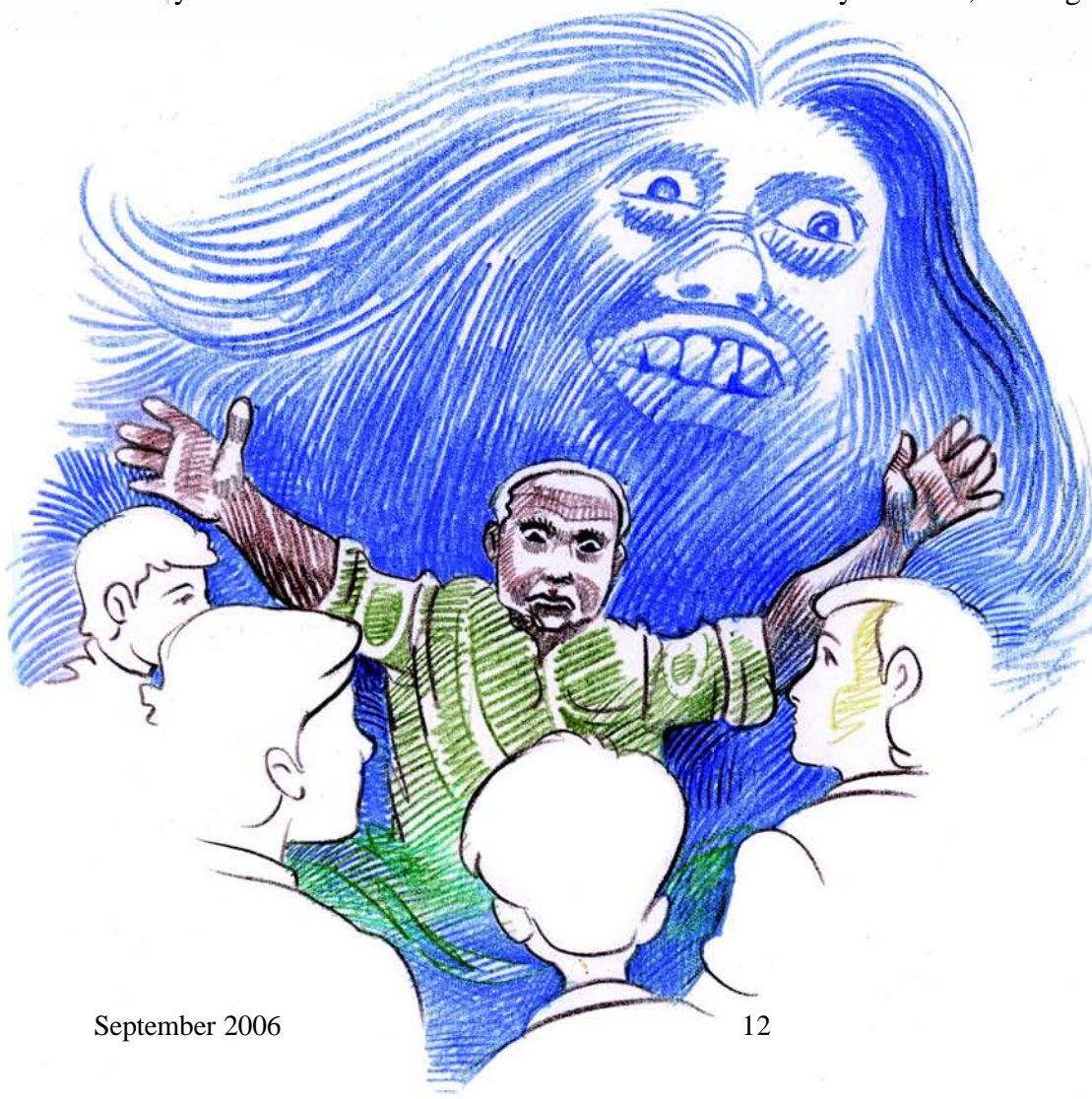
afternoon sun was still warm, but the water, so clear and inviting, proved to be ice-cold. Only twenty miles upstream, the river emerged as a little trickle from the glacier and, in its swift descent down the mountain slopes, did not give the sun a chance to penetrate its waters. But we were determined to bathe, to wash away the dust and sweat of our two days' trudging, and we leapt about in the shallows like startled porpoises, slapping water on each other and gasping with the shock of each immersion. Bisnu, more accustomed to mountain streams than ourselves, ventured across in an attempt to catch an otter, but wasn't fast enough. Then we were on the springy grass, wrestling each other in order to get warm.

The bungalow stood on a ledge just above the river, and the sound of the water rushing down the mountain defile could be heard at all times. The sound of the birds, which we had grown used to, was drowned by the sound of the water, but the birds themselves could be seen, many-coloured, standing out splendidly against the dark

green forest foliage: the red-crowned jay, the paradise flycatcher, the purple whistling-thrush and others that we could not recognize.

Higher up the mountain, above some terrace land where oats and barley were grown, stood a small cluster of huts. This, we were told by the watchman, was the last village on the way to the glacier. It was, in fact, one of the last villages in India, because if we crossed the difficult passes beyond the glacier, we would find ourselves in Tibet. We told the watchman we would be quite satisfied if we reached the glacier.

Then Anil made the mistake of mentioning the Abominable Snowman, of





## THREE FRIENDS

There were three friends walking through the woods. Their names were Trouble, Manners, and Shut Up. Trouble got lost so Manners and Shut Up decided to go to the Police Station that was nearby. Shut Up decided to do the talking so Manners stayed outside. The police officer asked Shut Up what his name was. Shut Up answered, "Shut up." He asked again, "What is your name, son?" Shut Up answered, "Shut Up!" For the third time, the police officer asked him what his name was and for the 3rd time, Shut Up answered with, "SHUT UP!!!!" "Where are your manners?" asked the officer. "Outside." "Are you looking for trouble young man?" "Yes, have you seen him?"



whom we had been reading in the papers. The people of Nepal believe in the existence of the Snowman, and our watchman was a Nepali.

'Yes, I've seen the Yeti,' he told us. 'A great shaggy flat-footed creature. In winter, when it snows heavily, he passes by the bungalow at night. I have seen his tracks the next morning.'

'Does he come this way in summer?' I asked anxiously. We were sitting before another of Bisnu's fires, drinking tea with condensed milk, and trying to get through a black, sticky sweet which the watchman had produced from his tin trunk.

'The Yeti doesn't come here in summer,' said the old man. 'But I've seen the Lidini sometimes. You have to be careful of her.'

'What is a Lidini?' asked Kamal.

'Ah!' said the watchman mysteriously. 'You have heard of the Abominable Snowman, no doubt, but there are only a few who have heard of the Abominable Snow-woman! And yet, she is far more dangerous of the two!'

'What is she like?' asked Anil, and we all craned forward.

'She is of the same height as the Yeti—about seven feet when her back is straight—and her hair is much longer. She has very long teeth and nails. Her feet face inwards, but she can run very fast, especially downhill. If you see a Lidini and she chases you, always run uphill. She tires

quickly because of her feet. But when running downhill she has no trouble at all, and you have to be very fast to escape her!'

'Well, we're all good runners,' said Anil with a nervous laugh. 'But it's just a fairy story, I don't believe it'.

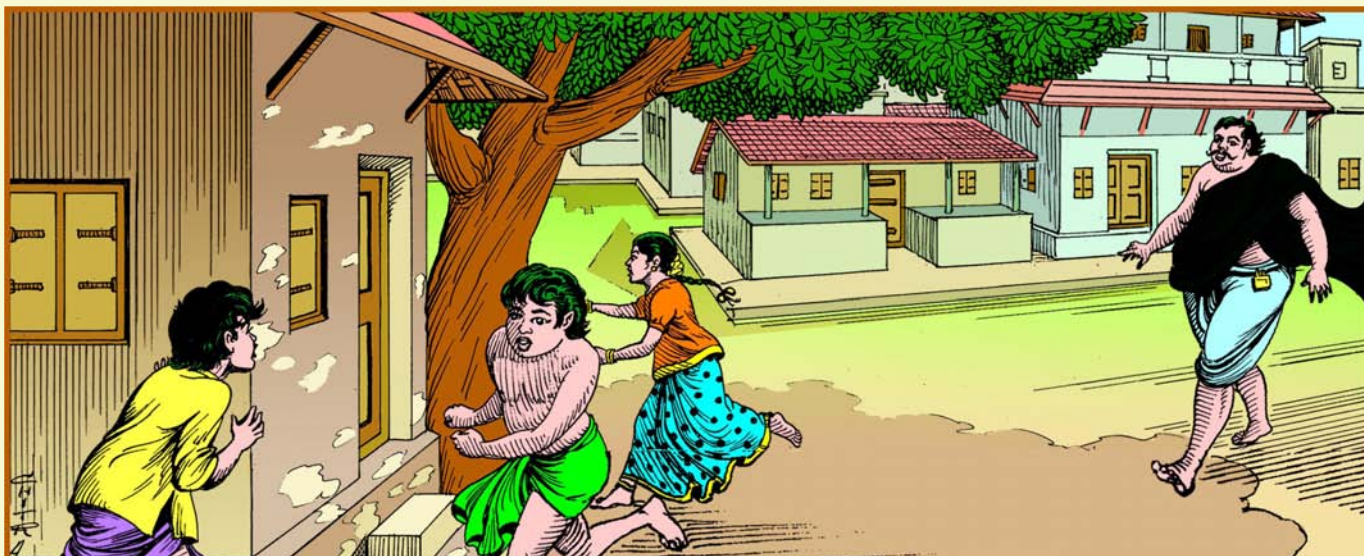
'But you *must* believe fairy stories,' I said, remembering a performance of Peter Pan in London, when those in the audience who believed in fairies were asked to clap their hands in order to save Tinker Bell's life. 'Even if they aren't true', I added, deciding there was a world of difference between Tinker Bell and the Abominable Snow-woman.

'Well, I don't believe there's a Snowman *or* a Snow-woman!' declared Anil.

The watchman was most offended and refused to tell us anything about the Sagpa and Sagpani; but Bisnu knew about them, and later, when we were in bed, he told us that they were similar to Snowmen but much smaller. Their favourite pastime was to sleep, and they became very annoyed if anyone woke them up, and became ferocious, and did not give one much time to start running uphill. The Sagpa and Sagpani sometimes kidnapped small children and, taking them to their cave, would look after the children very carefully, feeding them on fruit, honey, rice, and earthworms.

'When the Sagpa isn't looking,' he said, 'you can throw the earthworms over your shoulder.'





## THE TALISMAN

One day, a stranger walked into the village. He was exceedingly obese with a pot belly. Whenever he walked on the street, with a black shawl draped around his body, he resembled an elephant. Even children were scared of him and the womenfolk would bolt their doors the moment they saw him.

The stranger would shout loudly as he walked: "I've a wonderful talisman with me. Whoever wishes to have it, he can get it free from me!" But there was hardly any takers. The villagers thought of him as a wizard and were not inclined to accept anything from him even if it was offered free to them. However, Madhav, an able-bodied young man, became very curious about the talisman. So, he approached the stranger one day and asked him, "What's so special about your talisman?"

"Young man!" said the stranger. "You wouldn't be able to realize the greatness of the talisman unless you wear it. Come on, try it!" He took Madhav to a lonely spot and removed the girdle he was wearing. A talisman was found fastened to the girdle. He tied it around Madhav's waist. "Keep wearing this for a few minutes to experience its full power. Whenever you feel like

discarding it, you tie it around the waist of someone else who is willing to wear it." He then left Madhav hurriedly.

What the stranger said was soon found true. The talisman proved its power on Madhav in a few moments, but not in the manner he had expected. Suddenly, his body bloated and he turned a fat man with a big pot belly exactly like the one of the stranger. He found to his horror that he had been cheated by the stranger and flew into a rage. He tried to chase him. But the stranger had by this time turned slim and took to his heels. Madhav with his over-weight body could not even run after him, and the stranger was soon out of sight.

Madhav, in utter despair, removed the girdle and flung it off. Lo! It came back to him and positioned itself round his waist. He realized that he could not get rid of it. The only way was to offer it to a willing person. But who would like to accept it from him? Soon, Madhav became an object of ridicule in the village. To make matters worse, he developed a terrible appetite and to appease himself, he had to consume large quantities of food. He spent out his income on food in no time. He did not wish to go a-begging.



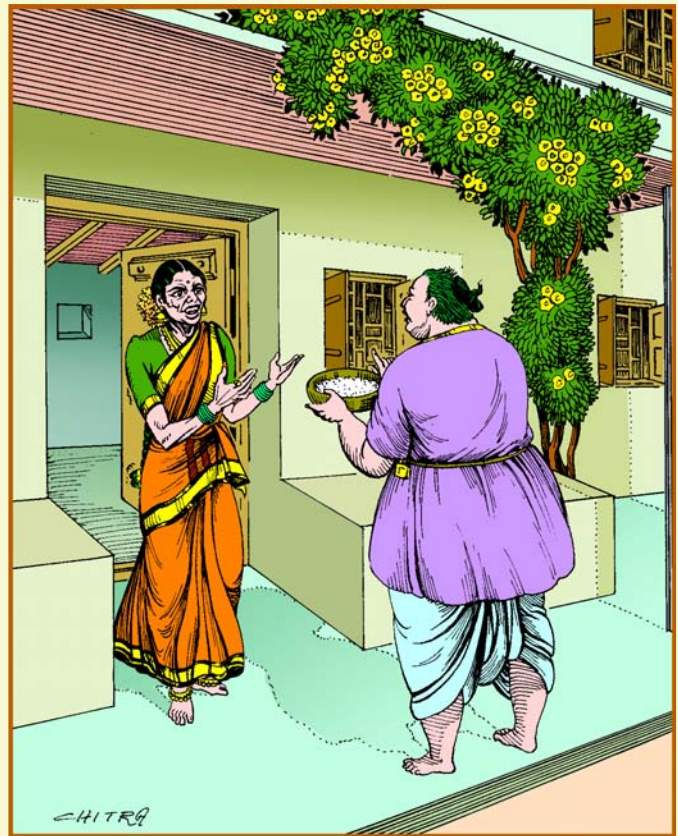
He was so frustrated that he decided to end his life by offering himself to wild animals. In the jungle, he met a lean young man. Sankar was also feeling frustrated since no girl was willing to marry him because of his emaciated looks.

Madhav now had a brainwave. He told Sankar, "Don't try to kill yourself! I've a wonderful talisman. If you wear it, you will become strong and sturdy and all the girls in the village will be vying with each other to marry you!" Sankar was tempted and allowed Madhav to tie the girdle on his waist. Madhav hurried back to the village. He could thus get rid of not only the damned talisman, but his bulk.

It was now the turn of Sankar to regret. He grew so fat that the girls who had declined to marry him because of his lean figure, continued to reject him now for the opposite reason. The frustrated Sankar left for an adjacent village and started begging from door to door. One day, while he knocked at the door of a house, an old spinster opened it. She could not get any suitor since she was ugly and hence remained a spinster. Sankar offered a clever suggestion to her. "Old lady! Even now, it isn't too late! I've a wonderful talisman with me. If you wear it, you will become beautiful and get married to someone of your age!" The spinster was tempted with the offer and gladly took the girdle from him. Having disposed of the talisman, Sankar regained his original shape and ran away.

The spinster wore the girdle and became a plump and ugly woman. She became the laughing stock of the whole village. Her neighbour, who was one of the maids to the princess, proposed to her one day that the princess ceased to laugh for many years and that nobody could make her laugh. She suggested that if the fat woman were to be seen by the princess, she would certainly laugh, and the king would give her valuable gifts.

The woman agreed to and went to the palace.



The princess broke into peels of laughter on seeing the woman and gave her a number of gifts. The spinster said, "Thank you, dear princess. I shall give you a talisman which will fetch you a handsome prince." Thus, the woman cleverly got rid of the talisman and ran away with the royal gifts.

It was now the turn of the princess to get vexed. She was looking like an elephant. The king became furious on knowing the trick played on his daughter by a wily old lady. Soon, he got her arrested. On the tip-off given by her, Sankar and Madhav were also caught. But the fellow who tricked Madhav could not be traced. Nobody in the kingdom was willing to accept the talisman and the king did not want to force it on anyone. Ultimately, it was announced that whoever came forward to wear the talisman, would be provided a place in the palace. The next day, a man turned up and offered to accept the talisman and remain a permanent royal guest. He was none other than the stranger who had tricked Madhav!



# SCIENCE FAIR



- By **Rosscote  
Krishna Pillai**

## SEPTEMBER-BORN : I.P.PAVLOV



Ivan Petrovich Pavlov, one of the world's all-time greats in physiology and in the behaviourist approaches to psychology, was born on September 14, 1849 in Ryazan, a small village in central Russia. He was the son of a local village priest. Young Ivan, because of an accident, could go to school only at the age of 11; four years later, he was sent to a seminary to be trained as a priest. There he got engrossed in Charles Darwin's work, *Origin of Species*, and wanted to study natural science. So he gave up his religious career and joined the University of St. Petersburg in 1870 to study animal physiology and

chemistry. There he developed a devotion to scientific research. He won a gold medal for his work on the nerves that control the pancreas. In 1875 he graduated from the University and entered the Military Medical Academy to study theoretical medicine. He got the degree in medicine (M.D.) in 1879.

Pavlov, however, was more interested in pursuing physiology than in practising medicine. He continued working on the physiology of digestion and blood circulation. In 1883 he received a doctorate for his thesis on the heart nerves. Next year he was appointed lecturer in physiology at the Medical Academy, but soon he left for Germany and joined the University of Leipzig for higher studies. After two years, he returned to the Academy and was promoted as Professor of Pharmacology in 1890. He was also made head of the Department of Physiology at the Institute of Experimental Medicine. There he did fundamental research on the digestive process in dogs. Pavlov noticed that dogs would salivate even when food was shown to them, before they began eating it. The very sight of the food would stimulate salivation. He called the food an *unconditional stimulus* and the salivation, *unconditional response*. This finding led him to his life-long study of reflexes which, in fact, opened the behaviourist school in psychology.

In the course of this study, it was found that if a bell was rung every time just before food was given and then, when a bell was rung even without the food before it, the dog would salivate. The dog would associate the sound of the bell with the sight of food. This reaction of the dog was called *conditional reflex*. Pavlov published his findings in 1903 and laid the basic laws of such *conditioning*. In 1904 Pavlov was awarded the Nobel Prize for Physiology/Medicine for his work on the physiology of the digestive glands. His work laid the base for modern gastroenterology.

The Soviet Union honoured Pavlov, and helped him open a few major research institutes. In 1925 he founded the Pavlov Institute of Physiology. He died on February 27, 1936 in Moscow at the age of 87. By then he had acquired world fame for his manifold contributions to science.



# LIQUID LIGHT!

**L**iquid light!! What a cranky idea, one might wonder. Unbelievable, is it? We know that matter made up of atoms has three states: solid, liquid and gas.

We also know that light travels in the form of waves and is also emitted as quanta called *photons*. But scientists point out that light does exhibit some properties that normally only belong to atomic matter.

Within a beam of light, particles of light or *photons* move around randomly and exert pressure owing to their momentum on other objects, behaving as if it is a gas. Some researchers say that if one can think of light as a gas, like any gas, it can as well be condensed into a liquid.

A team of scientists led by Dr. Humberto Michinel working at the University of Vigo in Spain has, in a paper published in the journal, *Physical Review*, suggested that light can be made to act like a liquid and can shatter into droplets like water when it hits a surface.

According to the team, such "liquid light" would be the ideal heart and life blood of an optical computer. It is predicted that such computers based on *photons* would be several times faster than the present-day computers with silicon-processors.



## WHEN YOU DIVIDE ZERO BY ZERO

World-famous mathematician, Srinivasa Ramanujan, was studying in the third form (equivalent to the present seventh class). The tutor was teaching the lesson of division. He said, "When a number is divided by the same number, the answer is one. For example, divide 5 by 5 or 28 by 28, the answer is one."

Young Ramanujan got up and asked, "Sir, if you divide zero by zero, will the answer be one?"

The teacher was baffled. Without replying, he went on with the lesson.

While he was in the fourth form, students of B.A. Class used to consult Ramanujan for solving problems in mathematics. Such was his genius.

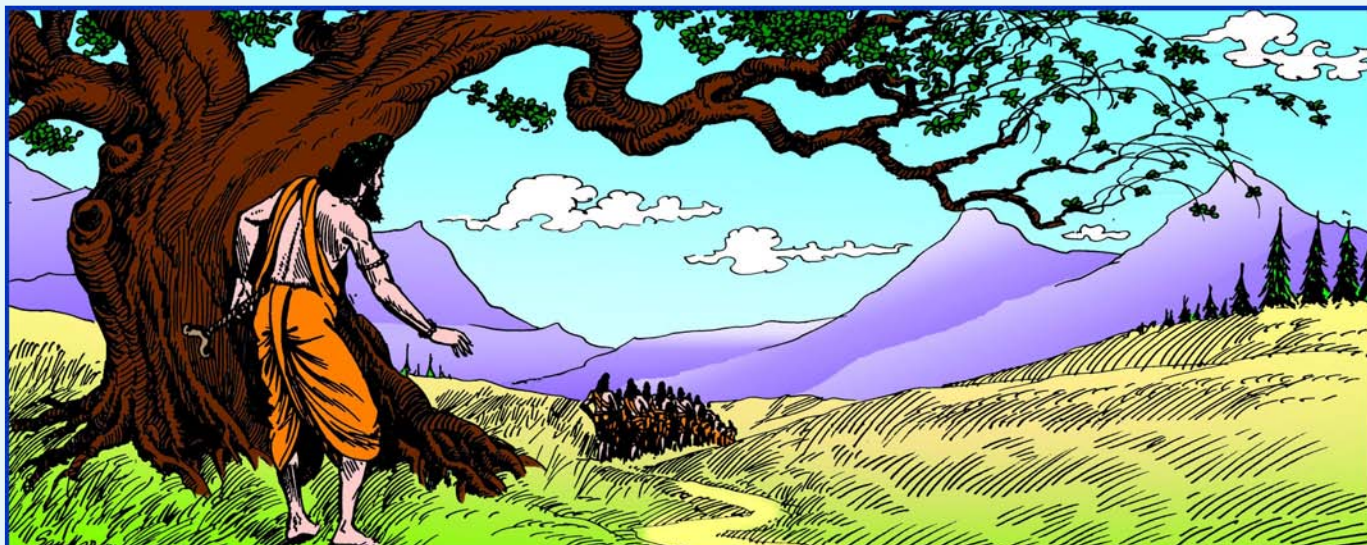
## SCIENCE QUIZ



- Which creatures live in a formicary?  
a. flies; b. bees; c. ants; d. mosquitoes.
- Who invented the safety pin?  
a. Huygens; b. Walter Hunt; c. Waterman; d. Colt.
- Which instrument is used for measuring height in an aircraft?  
a. gyrocompass; b. micrometer; c. maser; d. altimeter.
- What is the minimum number of solar eclipses possible in a year?  
a. four; b. two; c. seven; d. five.
- Who discovered the elementary particle, neutron?  
a. James Chadwick; b. Carl Anderson; c. Wolfgang Pauli; d. Enrico Fermi.

**Answer:** 1. c. ants; 2. b. Walter Hunt, USA, 1849; 3. d. altimeter; 4. b. two; 5. James Chadwick in 1932.





# IMPOSTOR

In the Himalayas there was once a great sage who had several disciples. Touring the land with them, the sage went from one kingdom to another till one day he arrived at Panchal.

The King of Panchal was Renuka. He felt very much honoured by the arrival of the sage and his disciples. He gave them a grand reception and lodged them in his extensive gardens.

"I beg you not to stand on any formalities," the king told his guests. "You can stay here as long as you wish. I shall see that all your needs are satisfied."

The sage spent the entire rainy season in Panchal and then departed with his disciples. At the end of a day's travel they rested in a grove. While they were sitting and chatting about the great hospitality of the King of Panchal, someone said it was a pity that such a fine ruler was not blessed with children to walk in his footsteps.

Hearing this, the sage told his disciples, "But the king will have a son of very rare and divine virtue." This information gladdened the hearts of all, except one disciple.

He had a dark and sinful soul. He thought

up an evil plan. When the party started on its journey again, he pretended to be ill and stayed behind, saying that he would catch up with them later on.

He then retraced his steps to Panchal and presented himself before the king. He was surprised to see him again. He received the Evil One with due courtesy and asked why he had returned.

"Listen, O King!" the Evil One said. "After leaving this place we fell to talking about your goodness. We were all sorry that your cup of joy was not full because you are not yet blessed with children. Then I called up my powers of divination and came to know that you'll soon have a son who will be God incarnate. I thought you would be glad to know this. Now, with your permission I shall go back."

The king was glad beyond all description. "O Holy One," he said, "don't go. Your friends must have gone a very long way by now. Honour me by staying with me. I want you to bless my son when he is born. I shall put my garden at your disposal and you can live there happily."

## A JATAKA TALE



This was what the Evil One wanted. He settled in the garden, grew all sorts of vegetables and had them sold by the gardener. He put away all this money for himself.

In course of time, Bodhisattva was born to the king and they named him The Flower. He was brought up with extreme care. When The Flower was about seven years old, there occurred a war between Panchal and a neighbouring kingdom. The king went away to fight the enemy and defend his kingdom.

The Flower, one day, came to visit the garden. There he saw a man wearing saffron clothes but watering and tending the plants just like a gardener. The boy at once knew that the man in saffron clothes was not the usual gardener but he was gardening out of self-interest. So, he went up to the Evil One and said, "You gardener, what is it you do?"

At this the men accompanying the prince laughed heartily. But the Evil One was furious. If it was possible he would have killed the prince on the spot. That would get him into trouble with the king. So, he thought of a way by which he could get the king to punish his own son.

On the day the king was to return, the Evil One broke his water-bowl into pieces, strewed a lot of refuse around his cottage and lay in a corner, groaning loudly. As soon as the king returned to his palace, he went to pay his respects to the Evil One whom he still considered very holy.

The king was amazed to see the state of neglect in which the cottage was. He went in and asked the groaning man, "O, Holy One! What has happened to you?"

The Evil One replied, "This is all your son's doing. After the way he insulted me, I shouldn't have stayed here for a moment longer. I only wanted to see you before I put my curse upon your country and went somewhere else!" He then told the king what happened.



The king was greatly annoyed at the behaviour of his son. "O Holy One!" he said. "Don't worry yourself. I shall rather behead my son than see you displeased."

The king returned to his palace and sent his guards to bring forth his son.

The boy was sitting with his mother, the queen, when the guards came for him. They told the queen about the king's orders. The boy willingly followed them to the king.

He said, "Your majesty, I hear that you want to put me to death. May I know how I deserve such a punishment?"

"How dare you ask me reasons for my order, you wretch? Isn't it reason enough that you addressed the holiest of men and my honoured guest as a gradener?"

"Father, you don't seem to know how this holiest of holy men has been engaging himself. Any servant of the palace should be able to enlighten you," said the prince.

On inquiring in various quarters, the king





## TALKING NIGHT CLOCK

After a late-night party, Sudhir dropped his new friend, Harsh, at the latter's bachelor apartment. Harsh invited him in. As Sudhir entered the flat, his eyes went to a large metal plate hanging on the wall. "That's an odd wall-hanging," he commented. "Oh, it's not a wall-hanging – it's my talking night clock," said Harsh laughingly.

"A talking clock?" Now Sudhir's interest was aroused. "How does it work?"

"Watch!" Harsh walked up to the plate, picked up a hammer that lay beside it and gave the plate an ear-shattering pound. Sudhir winced, and waited. Seconds later, someone screamed from the other side of the wall, "You fool, why are you making that racket at 2 in the morning?"

came to know that the Evil One was growing vegetables in the garden and selling them. A search of the cottage revealed lot of money hidden away by the Evil One.

"Now, father, you can understand why I addressed the man as a gardener. He was nothing but a gardener," said the prince. "I do not want to remain in a kingdom ruled by a thoughtless king and harbouring a spiteful holy man. I shall seek my peace elsewhere."

The king was smitten with remorse.

"Son, overlook my haste. From now on, you be the ruler. Don't go away," he pleaded with his son. "Father," said the divine child, "know that words are mighty, powerful things. A word has an effect upon man just as a herb has.

A thoughtless word is like a wrongly administered herb. Its evil effect must be endured. Good words are like correctly administered drugs and they do good. Evil words had come out of your mouth. Your guards dragged me away from my mother to behead me. You can repent all this at your leisure, but I've decided to now."

The king requested the queen to dissuade the prince from his decision, but the queen refused to do so. When the prince came to bid her goodbye she said, "Son, you're the incarnation of virtue. Lead a pure and virtuous life wherever you are."

The King of Panchal ordered the spiteful Evil One to be put to death and issued orders that no hermits should be given hospitality in his kingdom any more.



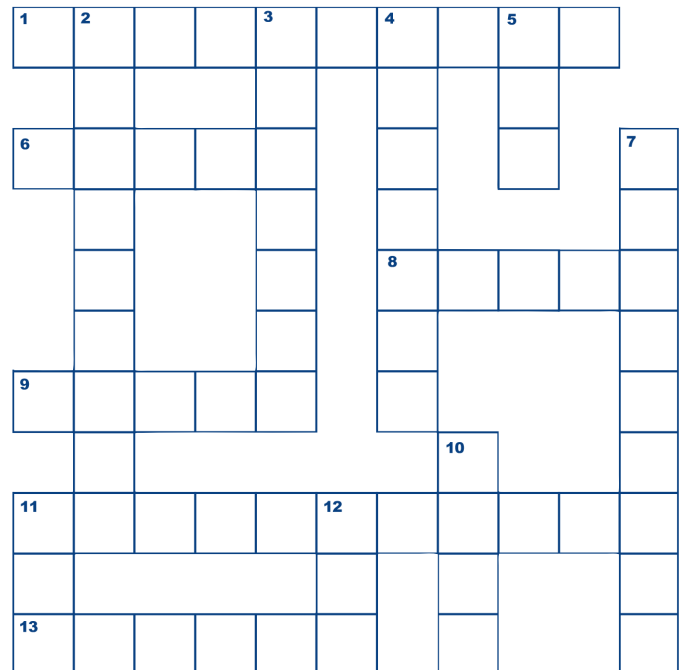


# PUZZLE DAZZLE

## CROSSWORD



Here is a crossword on water and some related things. Use the clues to solve it.



### Across:

1. Watering of agricultural fields through various methods (10).
6. Major source of water for drinking and agriculture (5).
8. Conducted to study the quality of the water (5).
9. During a shortage of water, this has to be done to maintain a regular supply (5).
11. Easily contaminated from landfills and incineration plants where proper disposal methods have not been carried out (11).
13. In urban areas this is a major cause of water pollution (6).

### Down:

2. \_\_\_\_\_ harvesting utilizes this water mainly for recharging groundwater (9).
3. Leachate from here causes contamination of groundwater (7).

4. Water has to be \_\_\_\_\_ to make it fit for drinking (7).
5. Spills of this into the sea cause great concern (3).
7. The release of polluted water from the drains (9).
10. Built across rivers to hold back the water for irrigation and other purposes (4).
11. Released into the atmosphere in the absence of oxygen (3).
12. A large number of people in India \_\_\_\_\_ of water borne diseases (3).

- by R Vaasugi

**SOLUTION TO CROSSWORD:**  
**Across:** 1. Irrigation, 6. River, 8. Tests, 9. Store, 11. Groundwater, 13. Sewage.  
**Down:** 2. Rainwater, 3. Garbage, 4. Treated, 5. Oil, 7. Discharge, 10. Dams, 11. Gas, 12. Die.



# THE BAR OF GOLD

There was once upon a time a poor day labourer who earned very little and who had seven children to feed and raise. He did not get work all ways and when he was out of work, his children went hungry and their tears tore at his heart.

'Ah', he said often, 'I'm very unfortunate. If illness overcomes me or if I don't find work, my poor children will die of hunger!' Oppressed by this thought, he sat one day on the roadside, his head between his hands

A doctor from the city, who was as charitable as he was rich, came by. He saw the poor man, and thinking that he was ill, stopped and asked him, "What is the matter with you, my good man? You seem to be suffering."

Thus encouraged, the unhappy man narrated all his misfortune to the good doctor, who told him, "If one does not kill sadness, it will kill you. Come with me and I'll give you a sovereign remedy."

The poor man then got into the carriage of the charitable doctor and accompanied him home. Entering a study full of books, the doctor took an object placed under a large crystal globe.

"Look," he said to the labourer, "here's a bar of gold that my father bequeathed to me. My father was very poor, but in spite of his misery, he had earned a sovereign every day, and at the end of fifty years, he amassed the small fortune that you see. I was also very poor when my father died and left me this bar but, by dint of hard work and saving, I've been successful in making a fortune. I've never broken the bar, but the thought that it was there often gave me courage. Now, my income is assured, I've no fear of poverty, so I'm going to give you this bar and I hope it will not only serve you but the possession of this small treasure will put your mind at rest."

The poor man accepted the bar with a million thanks and ran joyously to his home to show it to his wife.

"Now we can sleep without fear of the morrow," he said, "and if I don't find work today, the children will not go to bed fasting." He however decided that he would not break the treasure unless it was absolutely necessary, and went to bury it in the cellar before going in search of work.

His frank and joyous figure drew the attention of a farmer who gave him some work and as he put in all his heart in satisfying his master, he was paid well and was engaged to return the next day. The earnings of every day was sufficient for the needs of the family and his wife, who no longer spent time crying, cultivated her little garden, sold





the vegetables and rivalling the savings of the doctor's father, she also earned one sovereign every day.

From time to time, he did not find work and he had to break into the savings of his wife, but the gold bar remained intact in the cellar, for the man had remained firm that he would melt it only as a last resort.

Years passed thus, the children grew up, and following the example of their parents they were hard-working and active. Soon they began to earn and became independent early in life. The labourer and his wife became richer and richer and when they were old they lacked nothing.

One day a poor beggar knocked at their door, and in response to their questions, he recounted all his misfortunes and finished by asking them how they had raised a big family without wearing themselves out with work and anxiety.

The labourer told him his story in his turn and said, "Now I've no more need of the bar of gold, for you can see I've made enough savings to shelter me from need. I'm going to give you this treasure, and I hope it will bring you good luck also."

Saying these words he went to dig the treasure and gave it to the beggar.

He examined the bar carefully and said, "This is not gold, it is only brass."

The wife, who did not wish to believe him, rubbed the bar vigorously to show him how it glittered, and the man saw then that it carried an inscription. Neither the man nor his wife could read; they then requested the beggar to explain to them the significance of those



mysterious letters.

The beggar read the inscription: *'It is less the privation than the fear of the morrow which makes for the unhappiness of the poor. Walk without fear on the road of life ; aren't you sure to come to the end successfully?'*

Then turning to his hosts, he told them that the advice engraved on the brass was more valuable than a large sum of money and declared that it was better to follow good advice than to find a bar of gold.

- Shanthi Dinakar



## DID YOU KNOW?

**The hippopotamus gives birth under water and nurses its young in the river as well, though the young hippos do come up periodically for air.**





# HOW HOSHANG SHAH



“There is something we sadly lack, your majesty,” said the commander-in-chief of Hoshang Shah’s huge army.

Hoshang Shah looked up in surprise. “I thought we had all the horses we require for battles—the many battles I’m already planning, in fact.”

“It’s not horses I’m talking of,” said the commander.

“What then? Do you want to recruit more soldiers?” asked Hoshang Shah looking out of the window towards river Narmada flowing way down below the Mandu hills.

“I’m talking about elephants, sire. We don’t have an adequate number and we need them badly.”

“Ah,” said Hoshang Shah frowning. “But I thought we were already negotiating with the King of Orissa about elephants? What happened? Orissa is famous for elephants and he has the best ones in the country, as you know.”

“He is not likely to part with any of them,” said the commander looking dejected, “at least that’s the inside story I’ve gathered.”

“But I shall be paying for them and handsomely, too,” said Hoshang Shah in surprise. “I can’t see him refusing my offer!”

“He won’t sell the good ones,” said the commander,

“he would be quite willing to barter the inferior ones for things of his own choice if not money.”

“But who wants inferior elephants? We can get them from any other part of the country!” cried Hoshang Shah. “It’s the best ones that I need.”

“Exactly,” agreed the commander, “and apparently there’s no way we can get them.”

“Nonsense!” scoffed Hoshang Shah. “If we can’t get them by fair means, we have to get them by other means. No one can get the better of Hoshang Shah!”

“But whom can we entrust with the job?” asked the commander.

“No one. We have to go ourselves,” declared Hoshang Shah.

Originally known as Alp Khan, he had taken the title of “Hoshang Shah” when he was crowned the second King of Malwa. Alp Khan’s father Dilawar Khan Ghorī had belonged to the court of Firozshah Tughluq, the Sultan of Delhi. He had come to Mandu in 1401 as the first King of Malwa. Dilawar had also shifted the capital from Dhar to Mandu, renaming it “Shadiabad”, the “city of joy”. Dilawar had been a brave king. His son Hoshang Shah showed promise of being equally able and much bolder than his father. In fact, he was far more ambitious and did not care what steps he took to achieve his ambition.

The year was 1421. One fine morning, Hoshang Shah left Mandu, taking a thousand soldiers with him. His destination was Jajpur, Orissa. They disguised themselves as merchants and carried with them several things not readily available in Orissa. Hoshang Shah also led a team of excellent horses, taking care to choose the kind particularly favoured by the King of Orissa. Everyone knew the latter’s love for bright bay, bright chestnut and grey horses. Hoshang Shah was sure he could not fail to be impressed by the ones he was taking along.

It took them a full month to reach Orissa from Mandu. Their disguise was so perfect that no one



# PROCURED ELEPHANTS

suspected that they were anything but ordinary merchants. As was the custom, they were allotted a place to put up their tents and tie up their horses. After they were settled, the King of Orissa sent word that he would come along presently to see their ware and select whatever he wanted. The general public would be allowed to make purchases only after the king had taken away whatever he selected.

Hoshang Shah and his men spread out their merchandise on the ground, ready for the king's inspection. He already had a plan in his mind and was determined to carry it out at all costs. Luck favoured him, too. The sky was already overcast with clouds. By the time the King of Orissa arrived, it was pouring.

In the mean time, Hoshang Shah got all his horses saddled and all his men ready. As soon as the king arrived they attacked the escorts. The king's party was not prepared for this assault. They were soon captured by Hoshang Shah. The king himself, was totally at Hoshang Shah's mercy.

"Who are you?" asked the King of Orissa in surprise and fear.

"I am Hoshang Shah, King of Malwa," answered Hoshang Shah looking at him keenly.

"You've come all the way from Mandu?" cried the King of Orissa incredulously.

"That's right."

"And you want to take me captive?"

"Not really. Not at this point of time," said Hoshang Shah. "You can easily buy back your liberty if you care to."

"Indeed! What price do you have in mind? My kingdom?"

"No," said Hoshang Shah smiling. "I merely want 75 of your largest and best elephants and no tricks, if you

please. I want the BEST you have."

"Very well. You've a king's word of honour that your wishes will be carried out," said the King of Orissa.

"Anything else?"

"Better make it a hundred since you have the best in the country" said Hoshang Shah, "It might be difficult for me to come all this way again."

"A hundred it shall be."

"Also, you will have to come with us personally right up to the boundary and order your men to let us pass," added Hoshang Shah, leaving nothing to chance.

"That too," promised the King of Orissa.

Hoshang Shah marched back to Mandu with the elephants of his choice.

Hoshang Shah ruled Malwa for 27 years. Despite being a warrior, he had a sympathetic heart and was dearly loved by his subjects. He was also an impartial ruler and extended his patronage to religions other than his own. He is also remembered for his wonderful taste in architecture. It was he who made Mandu one of the most impregnable forts of India and also a magnificent city. He built a number of beautiful monuments in Mandu, including the Jami Masjid, the Delhi Durwaza, and his own tomb. Many of them have stood the test of time and are gorgeous sights even now.

- *Swapna Dutta*





# WHEN THE CHILD CRIES



**E**mperor Akbar had a large number of courtiers. Most of them had honey in their tongues. They vied with each other to win the Emperor's favour. They never missed an opportunity to please the Emperor. They never differed with him, but agreed with him even when he said something absurd or silly.

That attitude amused Birbal. He thought the courtiers were more servile than even pet dogs.

He did not keep his opinion to himself. He made it public.

Many courtiers felt angry.

"Withdraw that charge," they said.

"Why should I?" he growled.

"We are not dogs," they groaned.

"I know, I know," Birbal sounded quite amused.

"Yet you compare us with pet dogs?" they raised their eyebrows.

"I'm sorry. I failed to notice one difference," Birbal chuckled to himself while adding, "the dog has a tail where one ought to find it. You have the tail where the tongue ought to be. So you wag your tongue when the Emperor is around. You nod your heads even when his ideas and statements are wrong. You've no courage to differ with him. You're cowards," Birbal sneered.

"Withdraw those words," the courtiers raised their fists, threateningly.

"Well, you've all that men should have," he paused, "...except..."

"Except?" the courtiers asked in one voice.

"Except spines," Birbal gloated in glee.

"You're insulting us," said a courtier.

"This has gone on for too long," said another.

"It's time you stopped abusing us," said a third.

"My friends, truth hurts," said Birbal.

"Truth? What truth?" the courtiers made threatening gestures.

"The truth that you're no better than pet dogs. You're slaves; you can never dare do anything against the wishes of the Emperor," Birbal did not show any sign of fear.

"If you're so sure of yourself, prove that you can be bolder than us," one of the courtiers locked glances with Birbal.

"I'm willing," Birbal nodded his head.

"If you fail, will you publicly confess that you had been wrong?" they added.





"Suits me," Birbal smiled at them.

One of the courtiers remembered a rule strictly observed at the Royal Court. They always reached the Royal Court before the Emperor arrived; and stayed on so long as the Emperor was around. They never absented themselves from the Royal Court without prior permission.

"Birbal, will you dare stay away from the Royal Court tomorrow without seeking prior permission?" he asked.

Birbal thought for a moment. He knew the risk. The Emperor would certainly take offence. Why, he might be arrested and detained in the dungeon. In his fury, the Emperor might even sentence him to death.

'But nothing dared, nothing achieved,' Birbal muttered to himself.

"Why are you silent? You're now scared!" the courtiers teased him.

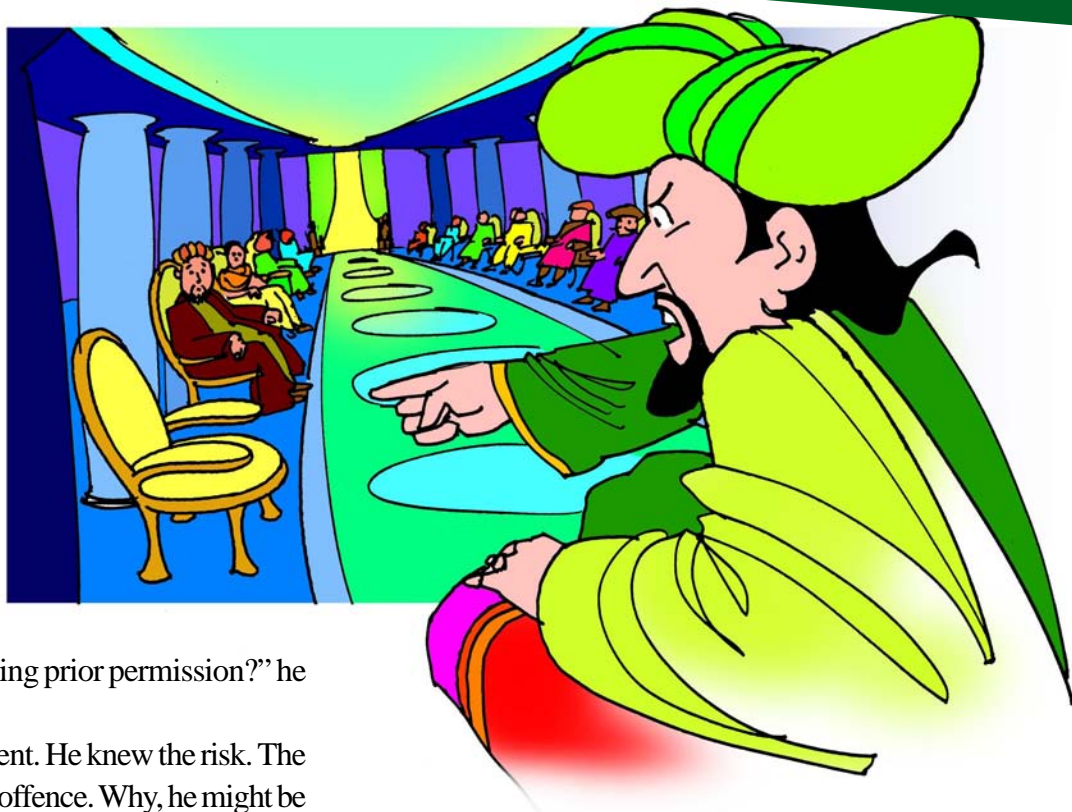
"Scared? Not a wee little bit. On the contrary, I'm feeling sorry for you. Sorry that you will have no faces to show, once I prove you're all cowards," Birbal kept talking while thinking of ways and means to escape the wrath of the Emperor while he kept away from the Royal Court, next day.

He talked and talked while he thought and thought till at last he knew what to do. He held his head up and said, "All right, tomorrow I won't be at the Court when the Emperor arrives. I would stay out without prior permission."

"And get it on your neck," a courtier sniped.

"I'm not like you. I have a spine that backs my neck," Birbal silenced them with that sharp snipe, gave them a defiant nod and stomped out. They watched him till he vanished from sight.

"The fool! He's in for real trouble," the courtiers



melted away, happy that they would soon see the end of Birbal's influence at the Royal Court.

Next day, the courtiers arrived, as usual, long before the Emperor arrived. They awaited his arrival. They wondered whether Birbal would have the courage to stay away.

Some of them expected him to turn up, just in time to greet the Emperor. But Birbal did not come.

The soldier carrying the royal insignia walked in, hailing the Emperor and announcing, "*Shahenshah padaar rahen hai!*"

Everyone at the Court stood up. They bowed low while the Emperor walked along the carpeted aisle between the seats meant for the courtiers, climbed the steps and took his seat on the throne. He surveyed the Court. All the courtiers were present. Not Birbal.

"Where's Birbal?" he asked. "Has he sent word that he won't be coming?"

"No, Shahenshah. None that I know of," the official of the Court stood up, bowed and announced.

"How dare he absent himself without intimation? Send someone to his house. Tell him that he should appear before me right away!" the Emperor roared.

"Yes, Shahenshah." The official instructed one of the guards to fetch Birbal.

The guard left immediately. He returned an hour later, alone.

"Where's Birbal?" the Emperor asked.

"He said he would come as soon as his baby girl stops crying," the guard announced.

"How dare he disobey my orders? What sort of a nincompoop is he that he can't make a child stop crying? I thought him to be wise, that he had an answer to every problem," the Emperor turned red with rage.

The courtiers felt the heat and chose to be silent.

"Go, bring Birbal right away. If he doesn't come willingly, bind him and drag him to my presence," the Emperor exploded.



Some time later, Birbal presented himself at the Court. He bowed to the Emperor and waited.

"Birbal," the Emperor surveyed him, from head to foot, his eyes red with rage.

"Shahenshah, I beg your pardon. My little girl was crying and crying since morning. I was trying to make her stop crying. That's how I got delayed. I beg your pardon, Shahenshah! I erred by not turning up at Court in time. But I could not. The child won't let me leave. I'm afraid she is still howling, bringing the house down," Birbal explained why he was late.

"I thought making a child stop crying should be child's play for you, Birbal," the Emperor glared at him.

The courtiers smiled at each other. They hoped that Birbal would not get away easily, that the Emperor would punish him severely for breaking the rule.

"*Alampana*," Birbal lowered his voice and added, "once I explain the situation, you'll see my point."

"Go ahead," the Emperor showed curiosity.

"The girl demanded sugarcane. I got a stub of sugarcane, cut it into small bits and offered the pieces to her. She kept on crying, saying between sobs that she wanted sugarcane juice. So I extracted the juice, collected it in a glass and held the glass out to her. She wildly pushed the glass aside and cried still more loudly, asking me to put the juice back into the sugarcane," Birbal paused before adding, "Shahenshah! I could not do that. My baby is still crying. Crying her heart out."

"Birbal! How can you be my counsel when you can't handle a little baby's problem?" the Emperor's moustache twitched.

"*Alampana*! Have you ever tried to make a crying baby smile?" Birbal asked.

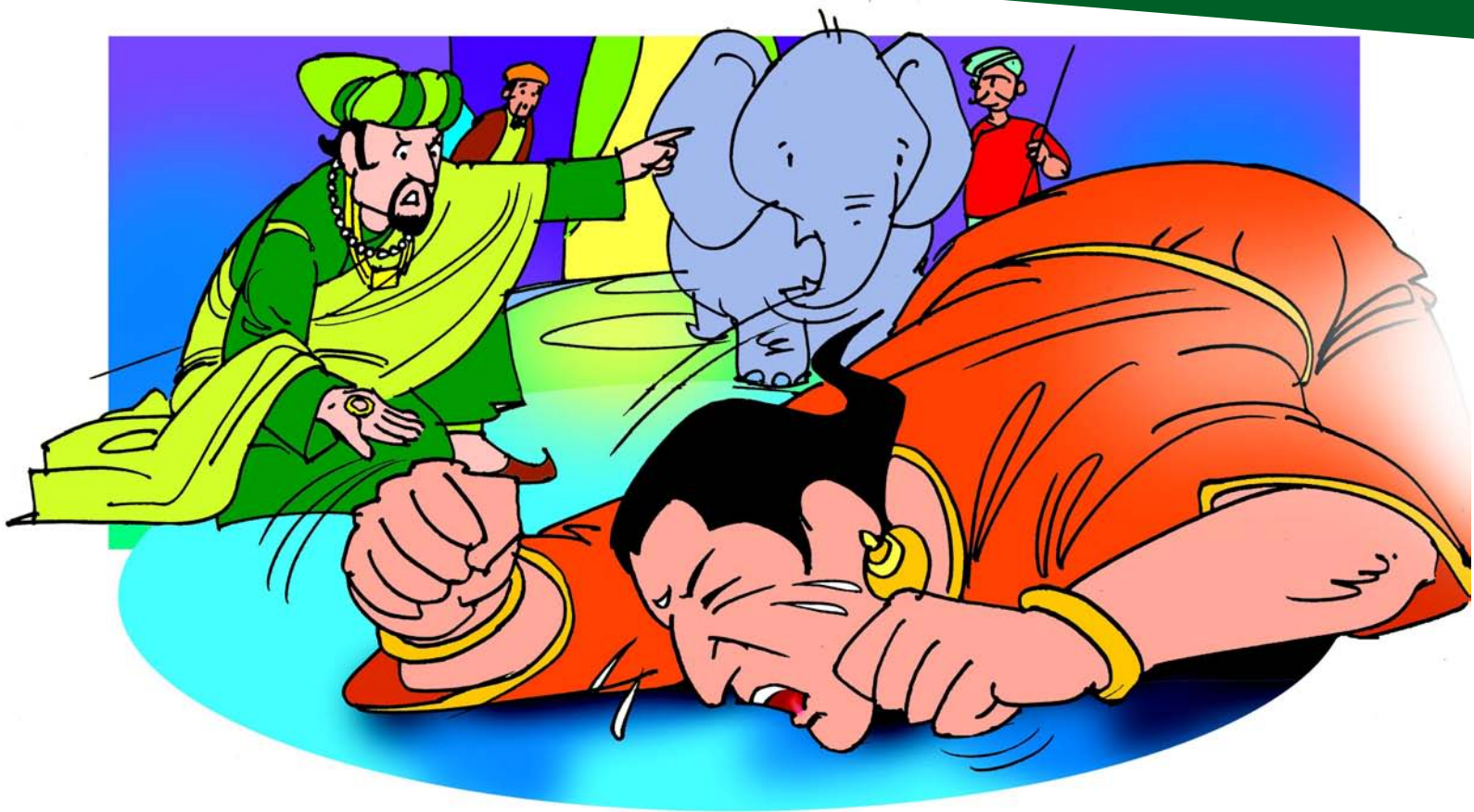
"No."

"I think you should try that. May I make a suggestion, Shahenshah? . . ." Birbal dropped off.

"Speak out your mind, you silly man, who couldn't make a three year old stop crying!" the Emperor's words sounded truly harsh.

"Shahenshah! I shall play the part of a three year old child, crying endlessly. You enact the role of an elder who tries to stop me crying," Birbal spelt out his plan.





"I'll make you smile in seconds," the Emperor sounded sure of himself.

"Do that, Shahenshah," Birbal fell on the ground and started crying loudly. He played the part of the child with skill. The Emperor walked down the steps and came close to Birbal.

He said, in a soothing voice, "Stop crying, baby. What do you want?"

"Get me a gold ring," said Birbal, in a child's voice which he was good at producing.

The Emperor took a ring off one of his fingers and gave it to Birbal. Still Birbal continued to cry.

"Stop crying. Didn't I give you the ring?" said the Emperor.

"Get me an elephant," Birbal made yet another demand while crying loudly.

Someone hurried to bring a baby elephant.

"There! An elephant for you!" the Emperor told Birbal.

Birbal kept on crying loudly, beating the ground with his hands and feet.

"Stop crying. Or?" the Emperor screamed.

Birbal cried, still more loudly.

"What do you want now?" the Emperor wrung his hands, helplessly.

"Make the elephant go through the ring," Birbal said between sobs.

"Impossible!" the Emperor admitted.

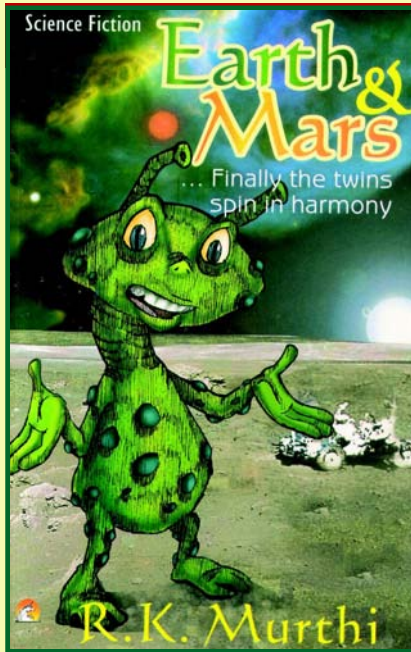
"As impossible as getting the juice back into the sugarcane," said Birbal as he stood up, laughing.

The Emperor tried to look stern, but could not. Ticked by the honour in the situation, he burst into laughter. So did the courtiers who always took the cue from the Emperor.

"Birbal, O Birbal! We now understand why you were late. A child can be very demanding," the Emperor walked back to the throne, amidst cheers.

Birbal smiled at the courtiers. Most of them avoided his eyes. They felt ashamed of themselves. They had failed to get Birbal into trouble, this time too.

**- R.K.Murthi**



## BOOK REVIEW

### MARS - FACTS FICTIONALISED

*Earth & Mars, by R.K. Murthi,  
Unicorn Books, New Delhi, Rs 80*

The trends for the modern forms of science fiction were set by pioneers in the field like H. G. Wells and Jules Verne in the 19th century, and later by Isaac Asimov, Arthur C. Clarke, and Carl Sagan. They have woven their imagination around available facts of their time in the frontier areas of science and technology like automation, electronics, radar, nuclear power, rockets, satellites and genetic engineering.

Indian writers' contributions to science fiction have been few and far between. But our greatest poets of all time, Valmiki and Vyasa, have in their prophetic vision foreseen modern scientific and technological innovations like, for instance, aircraft and missiles, through Ravana's *Pushpak Vimana* and the use of *Aagneyastra* (the modern *Agni* missile) and *Brahmastra* (the ultimate weapon like the ICBM with nuclear warhead) in the Kurukshetra war.

Among the few Indian authors of science novels may be mentioned the names of the eminent astrophysicist Jayant V. Narlikar, UNESCO's Kalinga Prize winner, and the late Dilip M. Salwi, author of over 50 books and the first *Science Fair* columnist in *Chandamama*. R. K. Murthi, with his maiden attempt now joins this select band of writers in this literary domain in our country. Murthi's target is "children, in the older age group, who know of the vast expanse of the Universe that stretches unto infinity and of recent successes in space exploration."

The writer has devoted his first chapter entirely to facts about the various missions to Mars, conveyed succinctly and subtly, through witticisms and light banter between scientists and engineers in charge. In the second chapter, he has given free rein to his imagination and carried the Indian ethos and traditions of idol worship and temple festivals and music and dance to Mars. Doesn't Murthi betray his love for everything South Indian by his descriptions of temple festivals in Mars in typical milieu and motifs of the region to which he belongs?

He, however, mixes in this and the following two chapters doses of fantasy with almost all details of the latest scientific findings acquired by all the spacecraft launched by NASA till 2004 to study the planet. Murthy has visualised the existence of Martian beings and also pointed to the present dreary environment of the planet as a result of wanton destruction of its environment. Through such premises he discusses problems that plague us on the earth, like environmental pollution, and tries to drive home certain lessons to his readers.

The fictionalised presentation of his knowledge of the frontier areas of science through imaginary dialogues between real life space scientists and Martian characters of his creation is really useful and praiseworthy. Murthy's diction is simple and lucid; his style pithy and racy. The book can certainly be recommended to children as a delectable read.

**- Rosscode Krishan Pillai**



## BOOK REVIEW

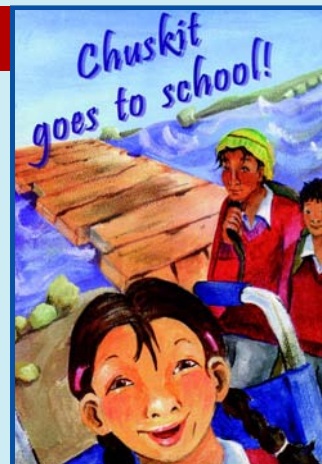
### A FEAST IN WAITING

**CHUSKIT GOES TO SCHOOL** by Sujatha Padmanabhan,  
Namgyal Institute for People with Disabilities, Leh, Ladakh, Rs 60

All you nine and ten year-olds will enjoy this book: it is a picture book about a nine year old girl, Chuskit– like you in age, but not quite like you– because she is born disabled. She lives with her family in a tiny village among the misty mountains of Ladakh in the State of Jammu and Kashmir. Wheelchair-bound, she spends her days by the window or outside the house drawing or watching animals and people go by. One day, she gets talking to Abdul, who is just returning from school and wistfully mentions her own dreams of attending school. Soon, life does a right-about turn for young Chuskit. A whole new world opens out to her, all because of .....no, you must read the book to find out.

What could be the most momentous day in the life of a disabled girl in a tiny village ? What could happen to fill her quiet days with joy? What can bring laughter to her lovely lips?

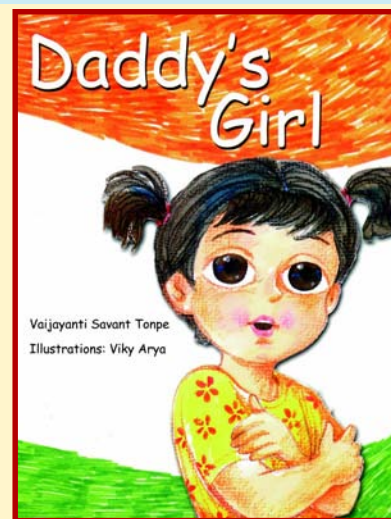
The writer, Sujatha Padmanabhan (she is no stranger to *Chandamama* readers), brings alive the spectacular setting and flavour of Ladakh with deft descriptions and use of everyday Ladakhi words. By far the best thing about the book, though, are the drawings and the layout. The characters in charcoal and the rustic landscape of Ladakh in vibrant colours are a feast for the eyes. Illustrator Madhuvanti Anantharajan and designer Manisha Sheth Gutman have given life to the story of Chuskit with imagination and sensitivity. The book has been published by a non-government organisation, which works with disabled people in the district of Ladakh. - **Sumathi Sudhakar**



### A SOLDIER'S THOUGHTS BACK HOME

**DADDY'S GIRL** by Vaijayanti Savant Tonpe,  
EPNOT, New Delhi, Rs 100

What are the thoughts that go on in the mind of a soldier as he valiantly patrols the country's borders in rain and snow, far away from his loving family? Is it the thought of his little daughter back home, who lovingly orders him to carry her, that gives him the strength to carry his heavy rifle without faltering as he stands guard on a snowy night? What does he feel when, on the eve of his leaving for war, his child cries for 'Peace', defining it poignantly as "You here at home with me"? These are the questions raised by Vaijayanti Tonpe's book, *Daddy's Girl*, dedicated to her own army officer father. The author seeks to address serious issues such as patriotism and war and peace, to tiny tots through the best possible medium – that of a picture book. The simple text is moving and effective, while Viky Arya's eye-catching illustrations of the wide-eyed little girl and her loving father simply steal your heart away. Kudos to the author and the artist for having worked in tandem to create such a memorable work. - **Rajee Raman**





## GROWING MEMORIALS

**A**n Upper Primary School in Kanhangad, Kerala, has discovered a method by which those students who leave the school to join another for studies in higher classes can leave memories of their school life. Each of them is prompted to plant a sapling which will be named after the student. When it grows into a tree, a board on the tree will mention the name of the student and the year of planting. What a thrill will they experience when they get an opportunity to visit their *alma mater* and see how tall the tree has grown. The school has a Green House Nature and Science Club. The members take turns to water the plants and maintain them in a healthy condition. This project was launched on June 5 - World Environment Day.



## TRACKING CHILDREN

**A**s people lead a life of scare and do not know when terror would strike, a device has been invented which will help anxious parents to track down their children if they are not back home safe. The Centre of Electronic Design and Technology of the Indian Institute of Science, Bangalore, has developed a tiny equipment which can be fitted to the belt or shoes which children wear to school. The device could also be worn like a wrist

watch, according to scientists Dr. Pavan Nugehalli and Dr. Prabhakar who were involved in the project. The signals from the device can be caught on the mobile phones with the parents. They will also be able watch the children on their website. The only constriction is, if the children are under a roof, their images will not been seen. Scientists are now busy removing such limitations in the devise. The IT giant, WIPRO Technologies, is sponsoring the project which parents consider a great boon.



## NOT EXTINCT

**A**rare bird—the Manipur bush-quail—which was last seen in the first decade of the 20th century, is reported to have been sighted in the Manas National Park in Assam. The bird was considered as rare as the Himalayan quail and the pink-headed duck. The Manipur quail was sighted by the well-known bird-watcher of Assam, Anuwaruddin Choudhury, in June last. According to *Birdlife International* of Cambridge, England, the bird was last seen at Mornoi in Goalpara district, from where specimens were sent to museums in England, the USA, and the Bombay Natural History Society in 1905-07.





# KALEIDOSCOPE



## IMPORTANCE OF FOOD

I was a choosy girl some years back. I always picked at food and never ate my fill. When mother used to give me anything I didn't like for tiffin, I used to throw it in to the dustbin. When I returned home, I would say that I had eaten all the food. My mother never suspected anything for many days.

Then, one day she came to my school for some reason. She came to see me during lunch recess and unfortunately saw me dumping my food into the dustbin. She asked my classmates if I did this regularly and they said 'yes'.

My mother looked at me sternly but said nothing. When the last bell rang, my mother came to pick me up. I dared not say anything. That day mom took a shortcut and went through the slum, and there I saw many children crying for food as they were hungry. Then I saw a mother beating her small child as he had accidentally turned the rice bowl upside down. After some time, we reached our house.

My mother looked at me and said, "I hope you have learnt the value of food." I nodded 'yes' as I really had learnt the value. From that day onwards, whenever I didn't feel like eating anything, I just remember, the hungry boy's sad face and I would quickly gulp down the food.

We children usually throw away the food we don't like, because we get plenty of other food and take food for granted.

**- Pratikshya Mishra (13),  
Sambalpur**



## EVENING TIME

Evening time,  
The best time of the day  
When I like to play.

Sometimes I ride on my bicycle,  
Sometimes I play cricket or throw ball  
But when it rains I play ludo or chess.

Evening time  
The best time of the day,  
When stars are seen in the sky  
I go to pray, 'O lord!  
Make me wise and powerful'.

- Sidharth Rath (7), Hyderabad



## A CHILD'S WORLD

Would you like to go a trip with me  
To a wonderful joy land  
Where smiles and laughter fill the air  
Come let me take your hand  
There'll be sugar coated mountains  
River of lemonade  
Clouds of cotton candy  
Lollipops trees for shade  
Chocolates covered side walls  
Marshmallow lanes  
With lovely lighted lamp posts  
Made of candy cans.

- Amanpreet Singh Wadhwa (7),  
Mumbai







Gardener : This is a dogwood tree.

Visitor : How do you know?

Gardener : By its bark!!



Ram : What is the safest way to use a hammer?

Mohan : Ask someone to hold the nails.

**Madhavi K. (12),  
Bangalore**



Son : Ma, I had a tough time today in the office.

Mother : But you go to school, not any office?

Son : I meant the Principal's office...



Teacher : Why are you both fighting? I'll give you an imposition. Write your name 200 times by tomorrow.

Student : Miss, that is unfair!

Teacher : Why?

Student : Because, his name is Ravi Rai but my name is Satyaprakash Rajprakash Venugopal Shastri. Isn't it unfair?...

**Naveen B.Y. (14), Alike**



Policeman : Why are you driving without a light?

Scooterist : There is light everywhere.

Policeman : Then I shall remove air from the tyres.

Scooterist : Why?

Policeman : There is air everywhere!

**L. Bhanu Prasad (15) Hyderabad**



Teacher : Raghu, how many feet are there in one yard?

Raghu : It depends on how many persons are standing in the yard.



Newcomer : If I walk straight on the footpath, can I reach the hospital?

Medical shop owner : No.

Visitor : Then how do I get to the hospital?

Shop owner : Walk straight on the middle of the road.

**- Ashuthosh K.S. (15), Alike**



Raju : Tell me, why are children in Egypt all confused?

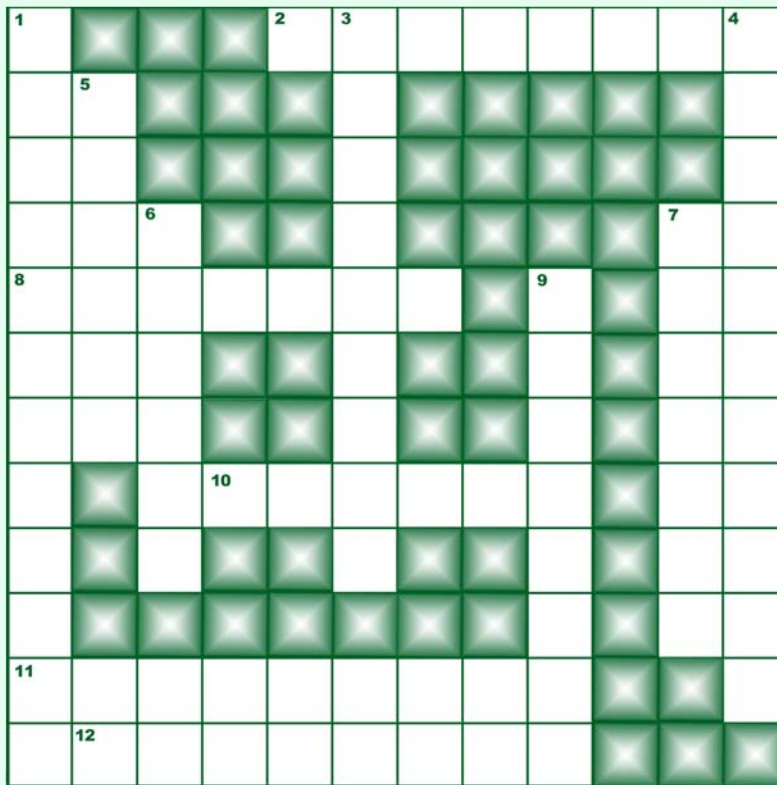
Gopal : I don't know. But why?

Raju : Because, after their death, their daddies become mummies.

**Priyanka Lakra (12), Sambalpur**



# CROSSWORD-HUMAN DISEASES



## CLUES:

### DOWN:

1. This disease was discovered by Robert Koch in 1882 (12)
3. Popularly known as jaundice (9)
4. Caused by protein deficiency (11)
5. Another name for hydrophobia (6)
6. Caused by vitamin-C deficiency (6)
7. This disease was identified by Ronald Ross in 1887 (7)
9. Caused by iron deficiency (7)

### ACROSS :

2. Caused by vibro-cholerae bacteria (7)
8. Caused by Vitamin-D deficiency (7)
10. Caused by iron deficiency (6)
11. Shortened form is called 'flu' (9)
12. Popular name of nicotinic disease (8)

- H.D.Prajwala (12), Hassan

## RIDDLES



1. Which mouse has two legs?

2. Which bus crossed the oceans?



3. Name the smallest room which we cannot enter.

-Monalisa Panda (12), Delhi

4. What is an autobiography?

5. What should you do with a dead battery?

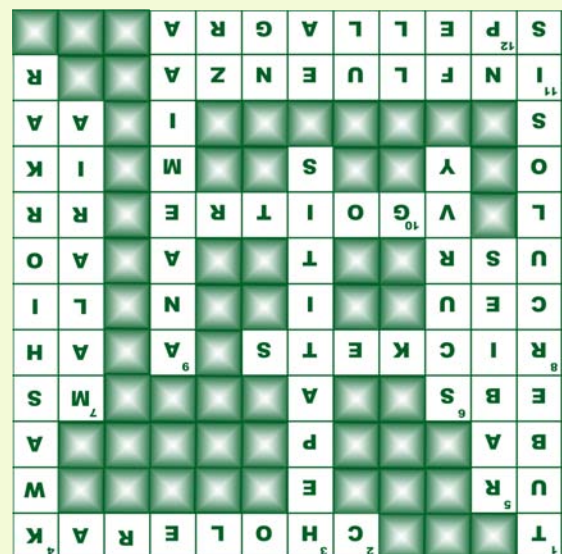


6. What is a volcano?

- Ashuthosh K.S.(13), Alike

1. Mickey Mouse, 2. Columbus, 3. Mushroom, 4. The life story of a car, 5. Bury it, 6. A mountain blowing its top,

## ANSWER TO RIDDLES:



## CROSSWORD-HUMAN DISEASES SOLUTION TO





## A FAIR AND FESTIVAL

**T**he Tarnetar Fair is one of Gujarat's major festivals. The three day fair generally takes place in August-September at Tarnetar, near Rajkot. The place is famous for the temple of Trinetreshwar or the three-eyed god-Shiva. It is believed that Lord Brahma was once worshipping Shiva. He began offering flowers as a token of his devotion. He fell short by one flower to the thousand he wanted to offer. He then offered his "Netra Kamal" to Shiva. Overwhelmed by Brahma's sacrifice, Shiva accepted Brahma's eye which then became his third eye. Thus he came to be called Trinetreshwar. The place Brahma chose for his worship of Shiva was Tarnetar.

The Trinetreshwar Mahadev Fair, to give its original name, coincides with the festival at the temple, which is also believed to be the place where the Pandava prince, Arjuna, won the hand of Draupadi in an archery contest. The festival commemorates the event.

During the three days, the temple courtyard resounds with *bhajans*, *kirtans*, and other devotional music. Pilgrims make it a point to take a dip in the pond inside the temple, which is considered as holy as a bath in river Ganga on the day of the full moon night during the Fair. The pond is known as *Papanashu* or destroyer of sins. The temple is surrounded by three tanks—the Vishnu Kund, Brahma Kund, and the Shiv Kund. Villagers, mostly tribals from the adjoining areas, dressed in their traditional costumes and exquisite jewellery, flock to Tarnetar. The Fair is punctuated with the Rasada, an amazing folk dance performed by hundreds of women moving gracefully in a large single circle.

The Fair grounds will be dotted with the Tarnetar *chhatris* or umbrellas intricately adorned with mirror work, embroidery and lace. Beneath these umbrellas will be seated bachelors looking for brides! They can be said to be enacting the ancient custom of *swayamvara*.

The maidens will be dressed in their brightest attires and most artistic ornaments to show off their beauty. The men will sport colourful turbans, embroidered jackets, heavy bracelets and embroidered shoes. The design on the *chhatri* will indicate their status.

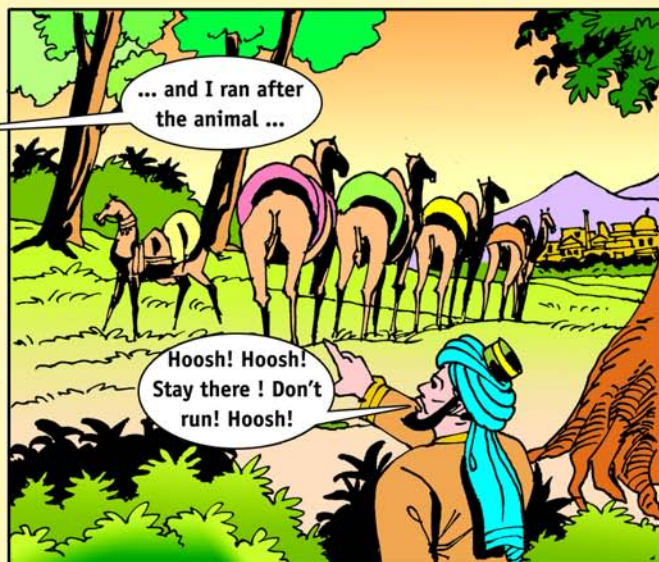
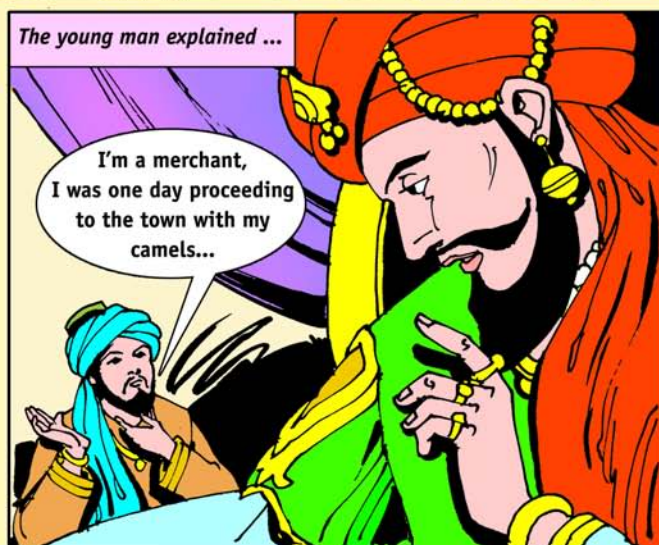
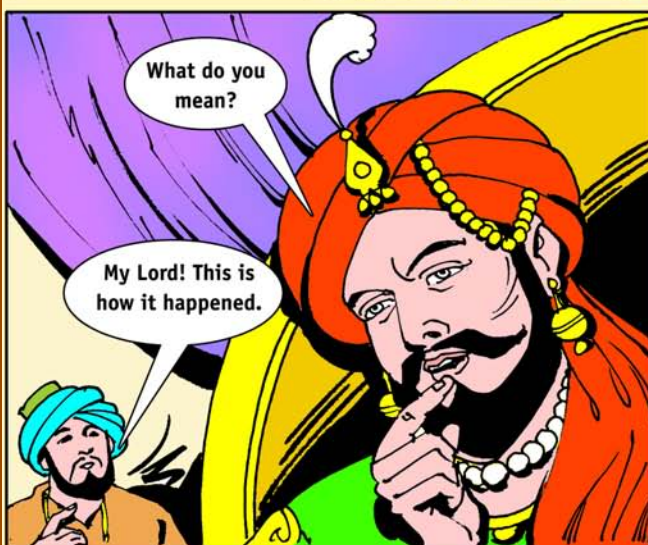
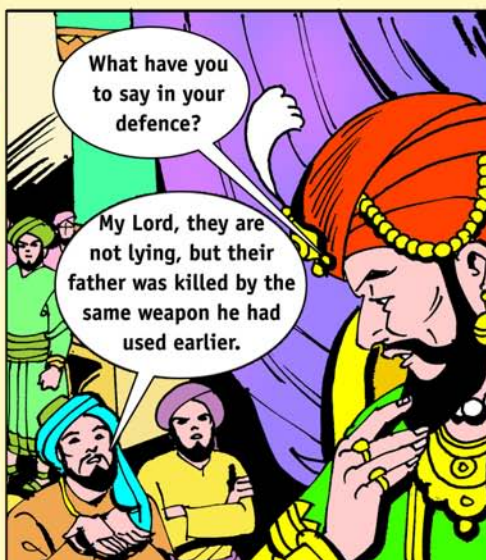
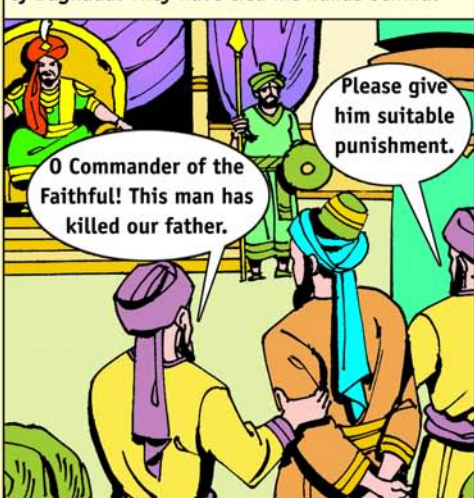
Tarnetar, in short, is a showpiece of folk and festive traditions of Gujarat.







Two brothers lead a young man before the Caliph of Baghdad. They have tied his hands behind.

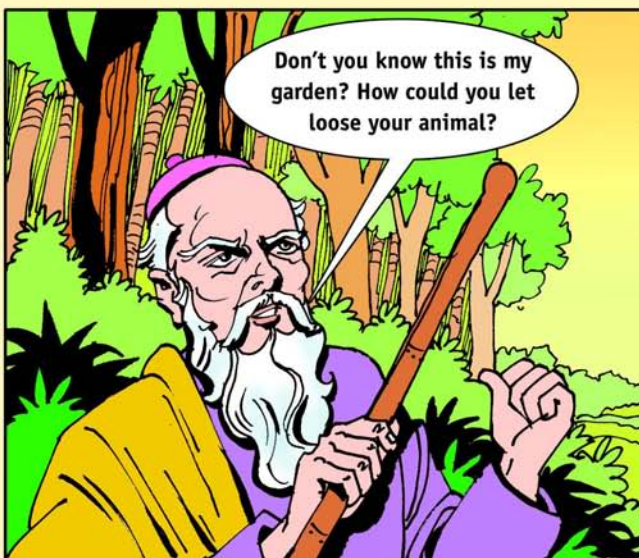




Before he could bring back the camel, the owner of the garden came there...



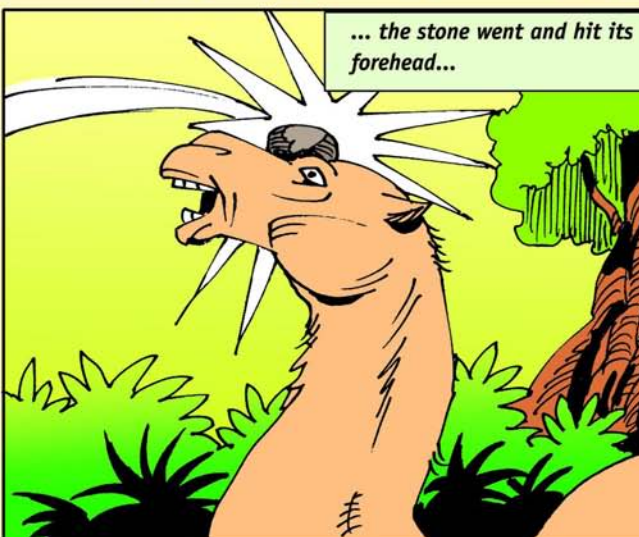
Don't you know this is my garden? How could you let loose your animal?



The owner apparently was very angry. He picked up a stone and hurled it at the camel ...

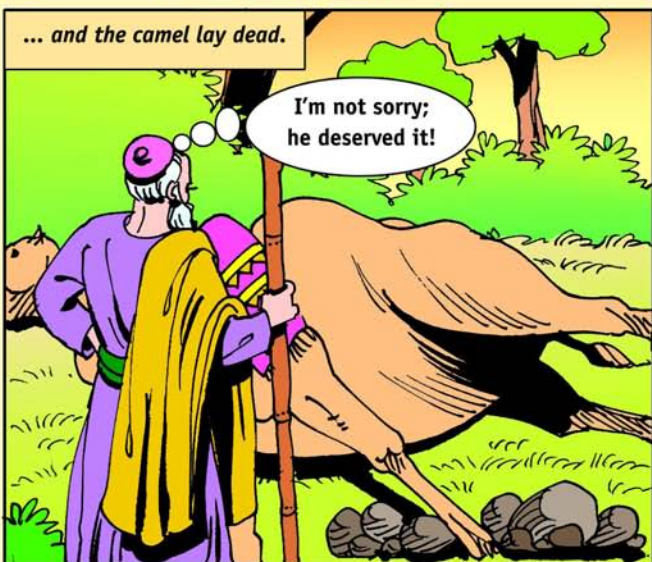


... the stone went and hit its forehead...



... and the camel lay dead.

I'm not sorry; he deserved it!



The young man was naturally upset.

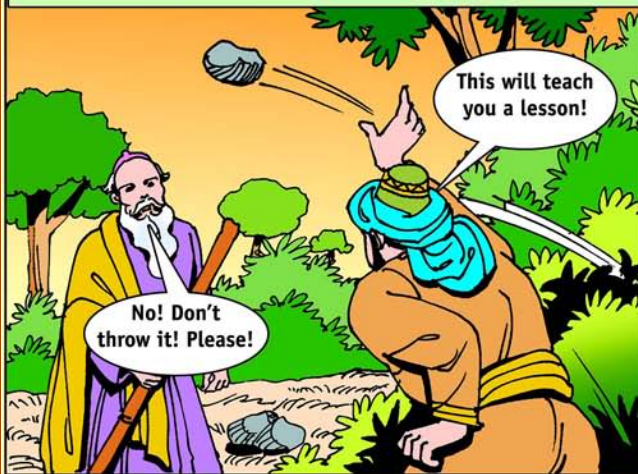
Oh! God! One camel lost forever! I'll make him pay the price for his anger!



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The young man, who is equally angry, picks up the same stone and aims it at the old man.



The stone hits the old man on his forehead, and he is fatally injured.



The old man's sons soon come on the scene and catch hold of the young man.

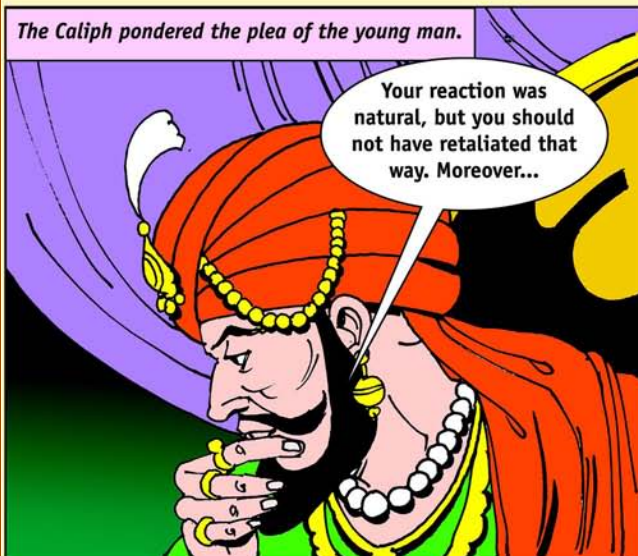


My Merciful Lord! It was the old man's fury against an animal that provoked me to act madly. Please condone my impulsive action!

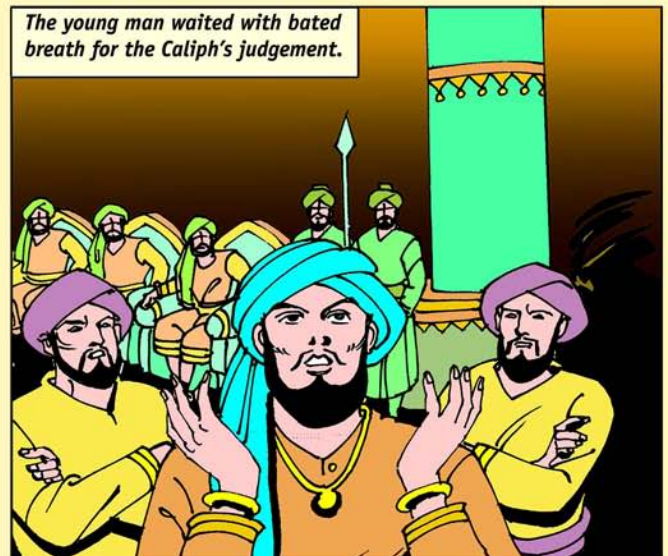


The Caliph pondered the plea of the young man.

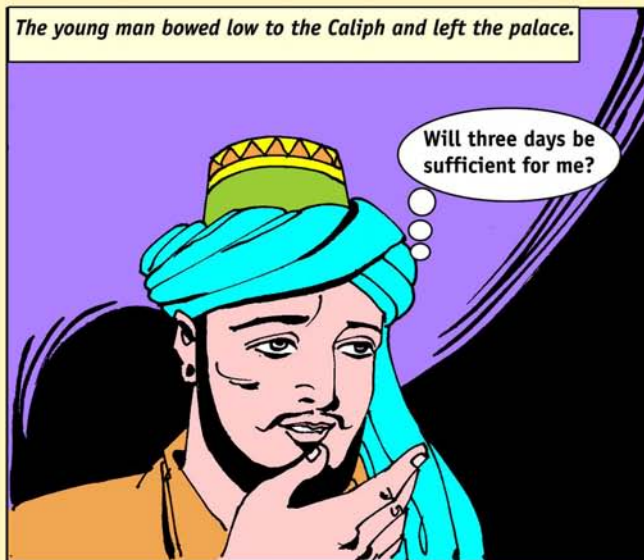
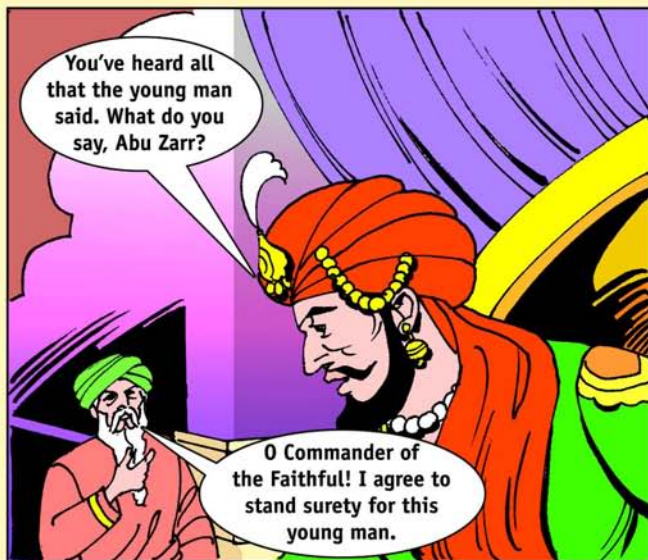
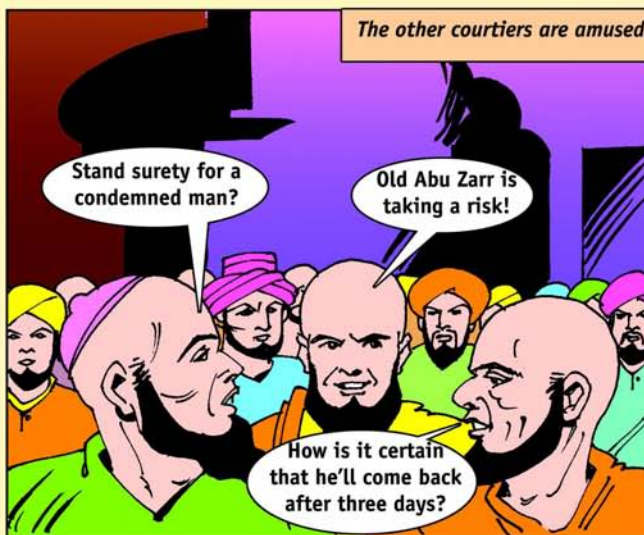
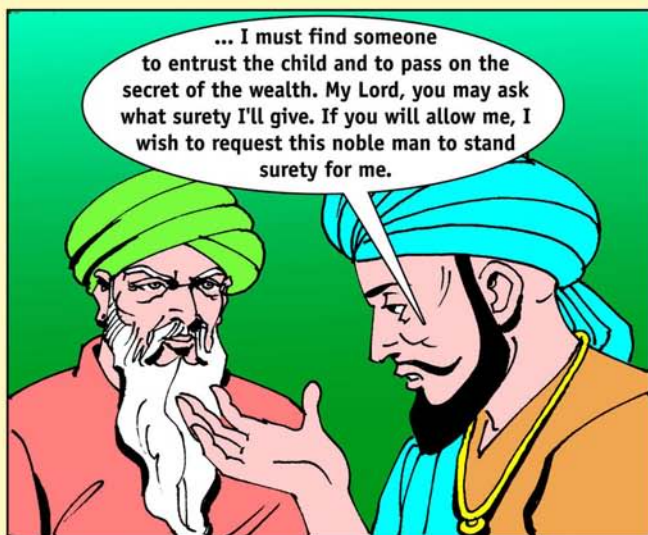
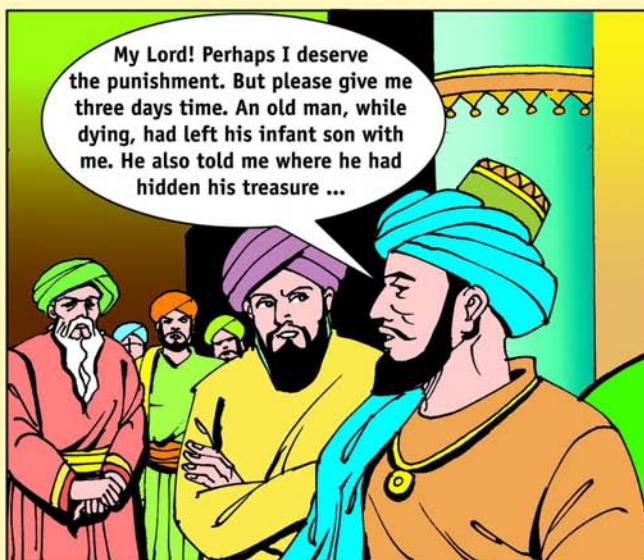
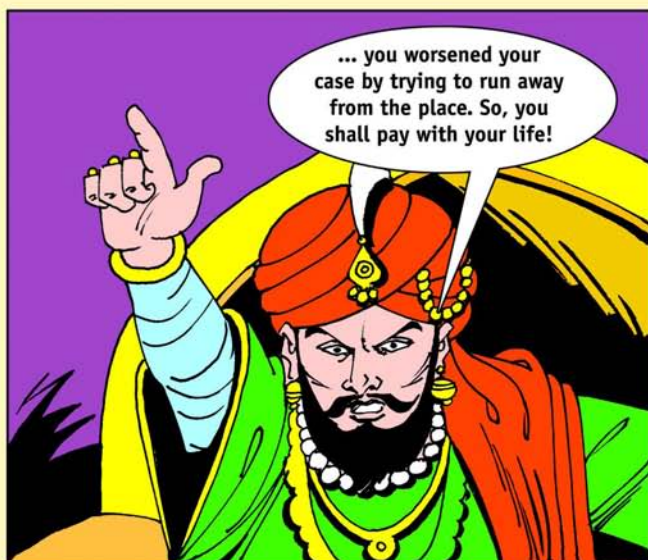
Your reaction was natural, but you should not have retaliated that way. Moreover...



The young man waited with bated breath for the Caliph's judgement.





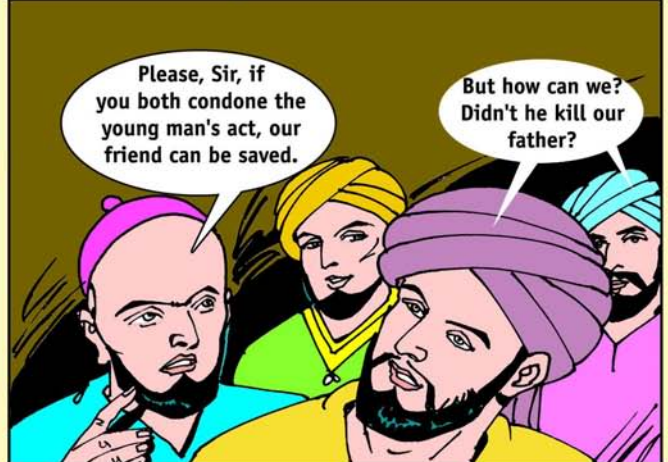




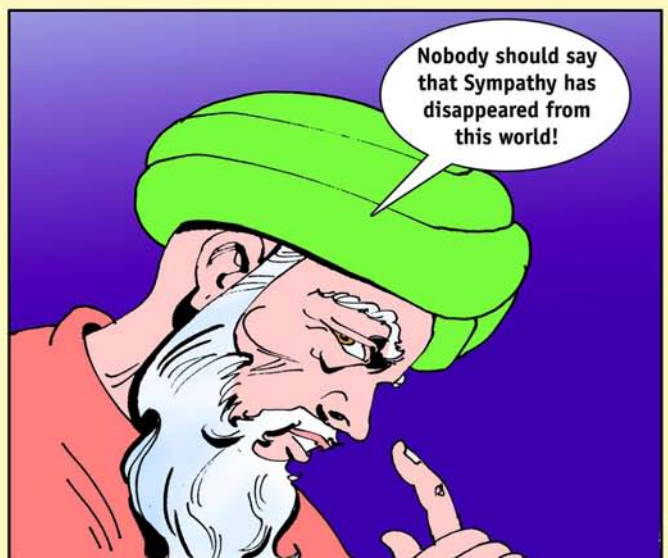
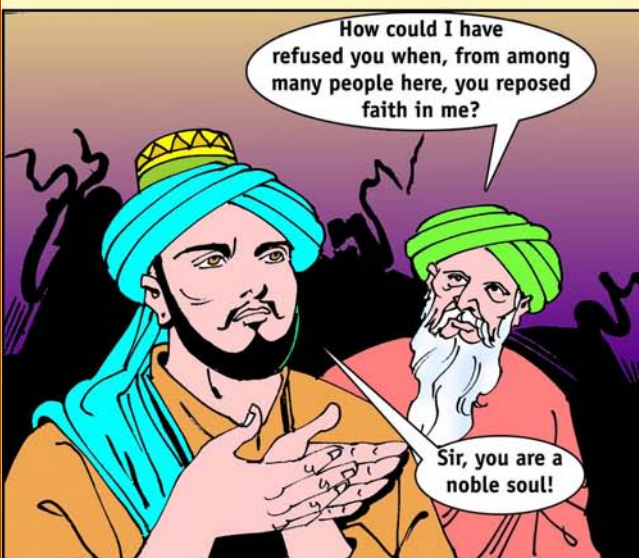
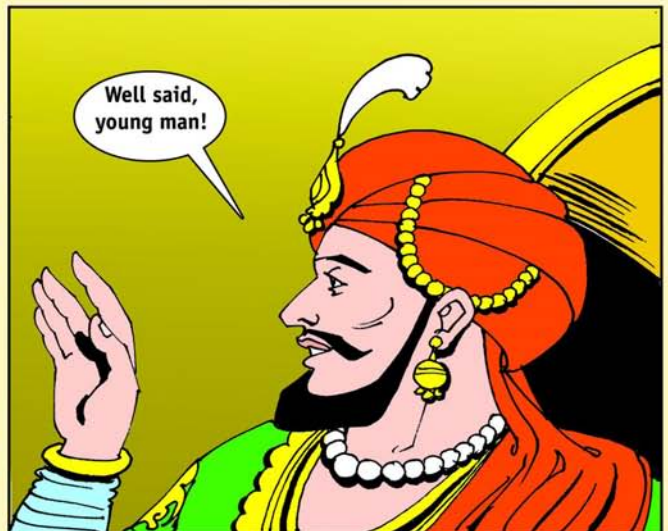
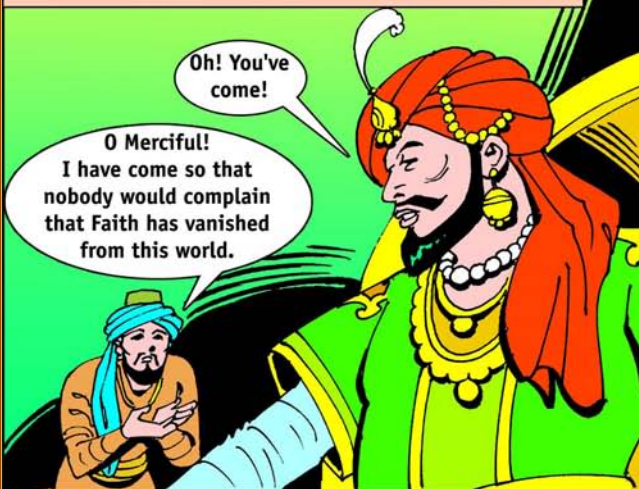
Three days passed. There was no sign of the young man. The sons of the dead man went to the Caliph.



The courtiers were afraid their friend Abu Zarr might have to pay the price for standing surety for the young man. They pleaded with the complainant-brothers.

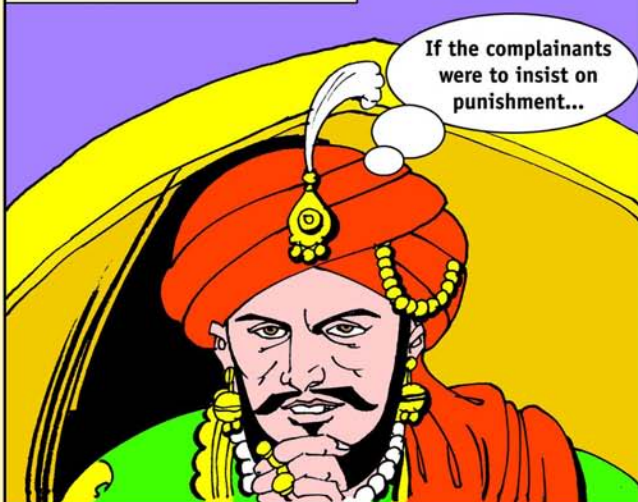


Poor Abu Zarr was about to be taken into custody, when...

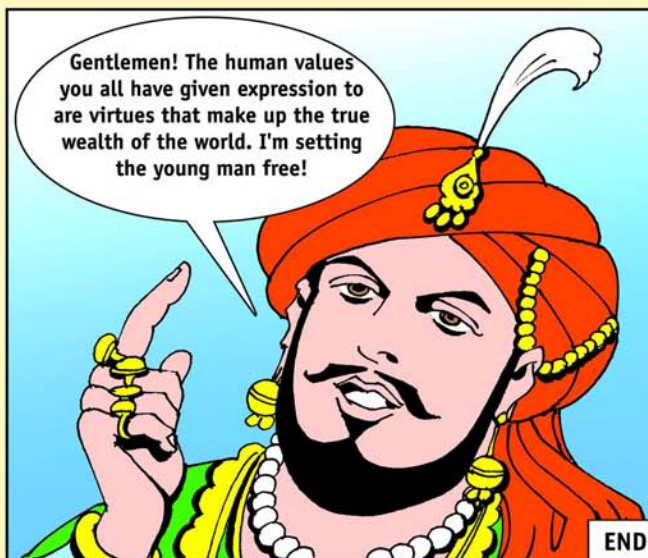
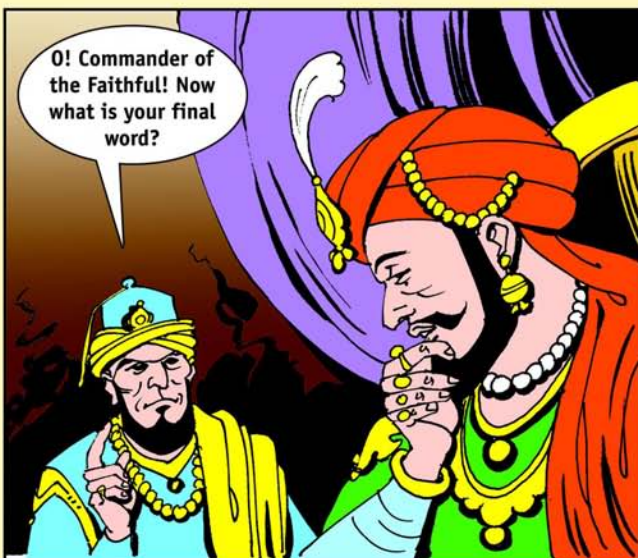
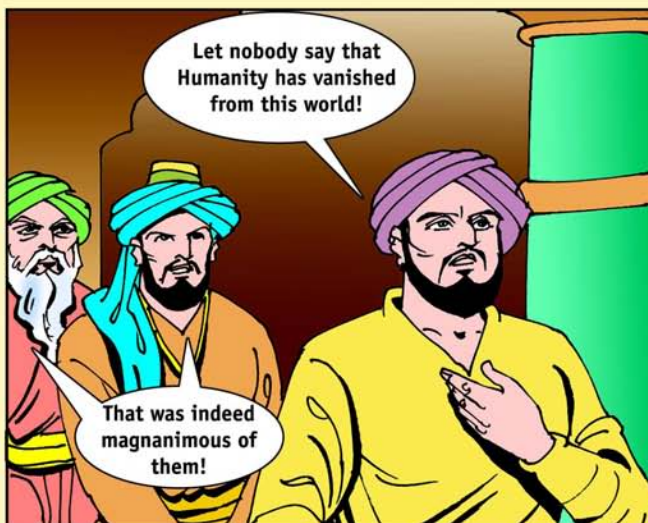
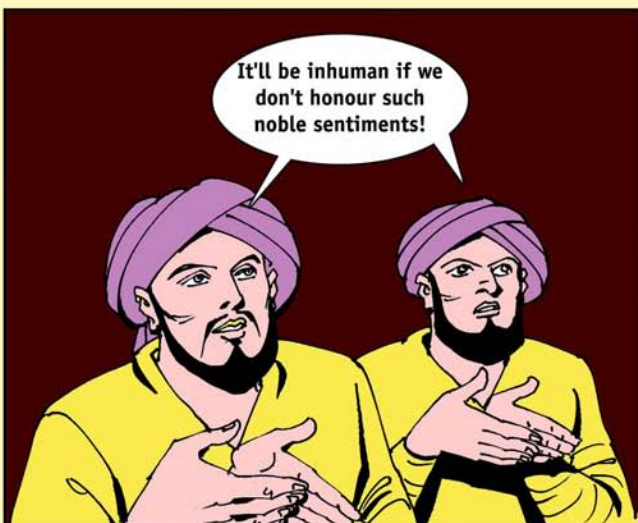




The Caliph was now in a dilemma.



To the surprise of everybody, the brothers approached the Caliph.



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# GLIMPSES OF THE DEVI BHAGAVATAM



Once upon a time there was a king called Saryati. He had a charming daughter named Sukanya. The king loved his daughter very much. He had already started looking for an eligible bridegroom from among the princes.

Not far from the king's castle was a forest. Close by was a lake. The place was remarkable for its natural beauty. Late one afternoon the royal family was taking a leisurely stroll around the lake. Princess Sukanya broke away from her parents and entered the forest in the company of her maids. They frolicked about, plucking flowers and fruits.

The attention of the princess was drawn to a pair of glittering dots on an ant-hill. Had someone stuck two precious stones there? Curious, she pierced them with a stick, when she heard a muffled cry. She could not understand from where the sound came. She got frightened and ran back to her parents. Soon she forgot the incident.

At sundown the party returned to the castle. But soon every member of the royal family fell sick. The king realised that one of them must have done something wrong to somebody while they were near the lake. A curse must have fallen on them.

All those who had accompanied the king to the lake-side were asked: "Did you harm any one or any creature, knowingly or by accident?" Nobody could remember having done anything wrong. The princess, however, recollected what she had done to the two bright points on the ant-hill and the cry that followed.

The king went back to the forest himself. On examining the ant-hill carefully, he guessed that inside sat a sage in meditation. The king got the ant-hill demolished, taking all precaution so that the sage was not harmed. When the ant-hill, revealed the sage, it was found that he had lost his eyes. Needless to say, it was Princess Sukanya who had blinded him without knowing what she was

## 32. A PRINCESS'S ATONEMENT



doing. Chyavan was the name of the sage. “O great soul, the ignorant action of my daughter has brought down a curse on us. Kindly pardon us.” The king pleaded with the sage.

“How can you escape the consequences of tormenting an innocent sage so lightly? I’m old. Besides, I’m now rendered blind. How can I live?” asked the sage.

“Do not worry on that count, O sage. I shall put a number of servants to attend on you,” replied the king.

“The care I need now cannot be expected of servants. Only a devoted wife can give that. I propose that you give your daughter in marriage to me,” said the sage.

The proposal which came so sudden and unexpected stunned the king. He had no objection to giving the princess in marriage to a sage, but how can he do it when the sage was old and blind, too?

The king requested for time to take a decision. Back in his castle, he told his minister, “To marry Sukanya off to the old sage in the forest is in no way better than throwing her into a cavern and shutting its mouth. At the same time, there is no chance of the curse on us being lifted unless we accept the sage’s proposal. What is to be done?”

“My lord, whatever might happen to us, the sage’s proposal is unacceptable,” said the minister.

The princess overheard the conversation. She came out and said, “O father, I entreat you not to be blinded by your love for me. How long can you and the others continue to suffer the curse?”

Besides, I’ve no objection to marry the old sage. Although you have brought me up in great luxury, I’ve no attachment to any worldly life. I shall be happy to live in a forest and serve the sage.”

“My daughter, you are unique for your character and nobility. I know that you mean what you say. But how can I, as your father, give you away to an old sage? Won’t that be sinful of me?” asked the king.

“No, father, you won’t be committing a sin by agreeing to my voluntary choice for marriage,” replied the princess firmly. The princess succeeded in making the king agree to her point of view. He called on the sage

and invited him to his castle. The sage came and the marriage was duly performed.

The king was willing to make all arrangements for the sage and Sukanya to live comfortably. But the couple expressed a desire to live in the forest. They politely rejected every offer of help. While taking leave of her parents, the princess left behind all her ornaments.

Sukanya and Chyavan lived in the forest in a small hut. Sukanya served her husband with much sincerity. She got up before it was dawn and heated water for the sage to bathe. She then collected flowers for his puja and fruits and roots for his food.

Time passed smoothly. One evening Sukanya was returning to her hut after bathing in a lake. She attracted the attention of Aswini and Revanta, the twin sons of the Sun god. They were charming and famous as the physicians of gods. Sukanya’s beauty surprised them. “You must be a nymph. What makes you live in this desolate forest?” they asked her.

“I’m no nymph, but the daughter of King Saryati. I’m living here with my husband, Sage Chyavan” replied Sukanya.

*(To continue)*





# THE MAGIC GARLAND



**E**merald Isle was a small and beautiful island in the Bay of Bengal. It was ruled by Swarna Kesari, a generous and kind-hearted king. The king had a beautiful daughter. Swarna was extremely good-looking and well versed in music and dance. Besides, she was very intelligent, too. When she attained marriable age, the king started looking for suitable alliances from far and near. But he could not find a suitable bridegroom who could match her good looks and intelligence. Hence, he arranged for a *swayamvaram*, invited a large number of princes to gather at his palace on an appointed day, and asked his daughter to choose any one from among them. However, Swarna could not find even a single prince fit to be her husband. The exasperated king said, "Swarna! Couldn't you find a suitable match among the hundreds of princes? Where am I going to get a bridegroom for you now?"

Swarna replied: "Father! To be frank, I desire to marry Sasank, the King of Pearl Island. From whatever I've heard, I understand that he is very intelligent, chivalrous, handsome and fond of music. I feel that I would vibe very well with him. In fact, I had expected him to attend the

*swayamvaram*, but for some reason he didn't turn up! I shall be much obliged if you can discuss with him and fix my marriage with him."

"My god!" exclaimed the king, "had you told me this earlier, I need not have taken the trouble of conducting the *swayamvaram* at all. Anyway, I'm glad that at least now, you've revealed your desire to me!" The king then sent a messenger to Sasank with a portrait of Swarna along with a letter, offering the hand of his daughter in marriage to him.

Since Pearl Island was situated far off, it took a few months for the messenger to sail to the island and meet the king. When Sasank read the letter and saw Swarna's portrait, he was very much impressed. However, he told the messenger that he would like to meet Swarna before making any decision. Since he was very much preoccupied, he would not be able to visit Emerald Isle to meet her. Instead, the king could arrange to send the princess to his palace with suitable escorts.

When Swarna Kesari was given the message he hesitated to send his daughter to Pearl Island, since it was contrary to tradition to send the bride to the groom's place. However, on finding that



Swarna was eager to meet Sasank, he arranged to send her along with his minister and a few soldiers.

Accordingly, Swarna and her escorts set out on a sailing ship towards Pearl Island. When the ship was about to reach the island, the voyage was rudely interrupted by a gang of pirates. They laid siege to their ship and started looting the treasures meant for King Sasank. Swarna's soldiers fought bravely with the pirates, but they were soon overpowered. Sensing that she was the only woman on board and that her chastity was at stake, Swarna immediately applied a dark paint and blackened her body. She cut her hair short and disguised herself as a sailor. The pirates were thus hoodwinked and they left the ship after looting it.

The survivors somehow managed to reach the shore. On landing, a herbal physician took pity on their condition and rendered necessary help to them by accommodating them in his house. The minister, then, took Swarna to Sasank's palace and met him. He introduced her to him and narrated the unfortunate events.

Sasank, however, recoiled in horror to see Swarna with her darkened face and short hair. She was quite a contrast to what she looked in the portrait and what he had imagined to be her beautiful appearance. However hard the minister tried to explain the situation under which Swarna

was compelled to transform herself to that condition, Sasank thought of her as an ugly black spectre and nothing more!

Swarna was shattered to find that Sasank was unwilling to accept her. But she was not going to leave things like that. She took a firm resolve then and there to stay back and win Sasank's heart at any cost. She advised the minister and her other escorts to go back home leaving her with Sasank, and inform her father that she would return only after winning the heart of Sasank.



The compassionate physician, who helped them on landing, offered asylum to Swarna. He consoled her and assured her that he would give her such a treatment by which the sticky black paint smeared all over her body could be removed as early as possible with the help of some herbal juices. He also promised to restore her long hair with the help of some herbal hair oils. The treatment was started and very soon, Swarna was restored to her

original looks and appearance.

In the meantime, Sasank started suffering from pangs of guilty conscience from the moment he turned away Swarna from his palace. When Swarna was presented to him first with her dark body, he thought that King Swarna Kesari was trying to play a trick on him by sending a beautiful portrait of his daughter through a messenger whereas, in reality, she was a black-skinned and

ugly looking damsel! He thought it was very wise of him not to make a hasty decision of marrying her on merely seeing her portrait. He was not able to believe in her statement that she had deliberately blackened her body to escape the pirates.

As she left the palace, it occurred to him that she was perhaps telling the truth. How uncivil of him to turn her out mercilessly, if her statement were true! But it was too late then. He thought she might have gone back to Emerald Isle with her escorts. As days passed, he started pining for her.

The herbal physician's wife used to make garlands from the flowers in her garden and present them to the king every day. One day, Swarna offered to make the garlands herself for the king and send them through the lady.

Sasank began noticing that the garlands brought by the lady were beautiful with an artistic combination of multi-coloured flowers. On enquiry, he was told that a young girl was making those garlands for him. The lady further explained: "The young girl picks up each flower, whispers the name of her lover to the flower and then drops it in a vessel. The flowers join with each other on their own in the vessel forming a garland." Sasank's curiosity was aroused. He asked her to bring that girl immediately to him.

The next day, Swarna entered the palace and bowed before the king. As soon as he saw her, he jumped to his feet. She looked exactly like the princess in the portrait!

Sasank concealed his excitement and asked her to make a garland. Swarna had brought a vessel of flowers and a readymade garland, too. She had concealed the garland under a cloth inside the vessel.

She took out the loose flowers and kept them on a plate. Then she took one flower, whispered her lover's name to it and dropped it into the vessel. Sasank's heart skipped a beat when she murmured the name as 'Sasank'! As she picked each flower and whispered his name, his heart started pounding. Suddenly, it dawned to him that she was none other than Swarna. He was convinced of the same by her steady gaze at his face. She seemed to be in a trance as she was whispering his name lovingly. When all the flowers were dropped into the vessel, she deftly pulled out the garland that was kept concealed and offered it to him.

Sasank stood up and in a fit of surging emotion, he put it around her neck and said: "My beloved Swarna! Forgive me for my foolish and impulsive act that day and accept me now wholeheartedly! From this day, you're mine and I'm yours!"





# AGAINST THE MASSIVE ARMY OF ICE

ADVENTURE & EXPLORATION



**W**ill the elusive Northeast Passage ever be crossed? Centuries ago spirited explorers dreamed of finding this maritime route along the northern coast of Europe and the Arctic region of Asia, between the Pacific and the Atlantic oceans. Their goal was to reach the great oriental countries, particularly the glorious land of India with her varied splendours, wealth and wisdom. Indeed, a southern passage did exist round the south of America or the south of Africa. But it was jealously guarded by the Spaniards and the Portuguese and they would not let anyone else sail through it, for they feared to lose their trading monopoly with the east.

The Arctic, the almost impenetrable frozen area around the North Pole, was a formidable barrier to these heroic explorers. Alas, most of them were ultimately forced to return home without any success. But no one

pursued this great adventurous quest with such tenacious skill and courage as the intrepid navigator William Barents.

He was born about the middle of the 16<sup>th</sup> century in that small country called Holland, now Netherlands. In 1594 he left Amsterdam in two ships seeking a northeast way to eastern Asia. Before long he was forced to turn back. The following year he commanded another expedition of seven ships and went as far as the island of Novaya Zemlya. Here Gerrit de Veer, a member of the crew and the historian of the voyages, recounts, "...some of our men went ashore on firm land, to seek for stones which looked like diamonds, and two of our men lying together in one place, a great, lean, white bear came stealing out, and caught one of them fast by the neck, who, not perceiving what it was, cried out and said, 'Who is it that pulls me by the neck?', wherewith the other, lifting up his head to see who it was, cried out, and said, 'Oh mate, it is a bear', and therewith presently rose up and ran away."

The ferocious beast killed the man and when "the rest of the men that were on the land, being about twenty, ran presently thither ... and having charged their pieces and bent their pikes, set upon her, who was still devouring the man; but she, perceiving them to come towards her, fiercely ran at them, and, getting another of them out from the company, tore him in pieces, wherewith all the rest ran away."

Before long great masses of ice floating in the sea blocked any further advance. William Barents and his men had to return home. But he did not give up hope and made yet another determined attempt. In May 1596, a strong healthy crew of Dutchmen under the leadership of the brave explorer set sail in two ships. Soon they reached the Arctic Ocean, the smallest of the world's oceans and distinguished by a constant cover of ice. Here the men



observed that daily the day grew longer and longer and the night shorter and shorter. Then on June 1, to their surprise, there was no night at all. The sun did not set but went round the sky. So it did for many days. This part of the world is sometimes known as the “Land of the Midnight Sun”.

“Look at those flocks of lovely white swans!” exclaimed a sailor and called his companions to come on the deck to have a glimpse of the unusual sight. But as they approached it, their ships were surrounded by white chunks of ice floating on the water. And there was no sign of the birds. Realising their mistake, that they had seen only an illusion, they skilfully guided the vessels between two great frozen walls and came to a large island with tapering hills. William Barents named the place “Spitsbergen” meaning in Dutch “Pointed Mountains” and the place is still known by this name even today. Here the two ships parted ways, because the explorer and the captain of the second ship could not agree in which direction to proceed from this point.

They reached Novaya Zemlya and anchored in a

place which they named Ice Haven. Now a terrible storm drove the ice so hard against the ship that the rudder broke and one of the small boats by her side was crushed to pieces. Soon the ice packed so closely round her that the vessel was lifted up about five feet out of the water. With no respite the ice kept on cracking and bursting with deafening sound and squeezed the ship so hard that all on board feared that she would be crushed to bits in no time.

At last they gave up all hope to proceed any further. They gave up all hope, too, of returning home that year. They will have to spend the winter there till the coming of the fairer weather. Barents decided to build a house on land where it would be safer than in the ship. The sailors found some timber lying on the shore, which must have drifted across the sea. The region was bare of any trees. They used this wood to build their little dwelling and took the boards from the deck of the ship to make the roof and the walls.

So bitter cold it was that when the carpenter put a nail into his mouth while working, it froze to his lips and tongue, and when he took it out again it drew blood and was covered with ice. At last their little hut was ready. It had no windows, the only openings were a door and a chimney with a barrel on top. They carried in all their stores from the ship and went to live in it.

Some men fought with the wild polar bears. They shot one and made it stand up on its hind legs. To their amazement the dead beast soon froze quite stiff in that position. The biting cold made many of them sick and some even died. Gradually the days were now getting shorter and the nights longer. Then in early November the sun did not rise at all and there was always darkness and night. They did not know when they would see the sun again. Only a small lamp lighted their little dwelling. It burned the oil from the fat of the bears they had hunted.

By Christmas their little house was almost buried under snow. They heard foxes running over the roof. When the men wanted to go out, they had to dig the snow away from the door and then cut steps in it leading up to the top as though they lived in a deep cellar. Sometimes they found it much easier just to climb out through the chimney. For months together they thus lived





in extreme cold and darkness, yearning for the light of the day. The stout and sturdy sailors had now become thin and feeble, with swollen joints and bleeding gums. They had been stuck by an illness called scurvy, from which explorers often suffer when they went without fresh food for long.

At last at the end of January, to their great joy, the sun appeared once again, darkness disappeared and the light lasted longer and longer every day. This indeed cheered up William Barents and his men and they now looked forward to brighter and warmer weather. They had the glimpse of the open sea when the strong wind sometimes drove the ice away from the land. Soon they would be able to sail away. But to their dismay the wind changed its direction and the ice round their ship only piled up higher and higher.

Now everyone was at his wit's end. The sailors pleaded to let them go in the two boats of the ship. Barents had no option but to agree to their suggestion. A road was cut over the rough ice from the ship to the water. Then the boats were dragged over it. They were at last sailing once again. But to their despair their ailing captain could no longer withstand the rigours of the journey and died. The men were very sorry indeed for they loved and admired William Barents and none could guide them as well as he had done.

Then the surviving members of the crew of sixteen came across the Dutch ship from which they had parted the year before. In fact the vessel had returned home and after the winter was back again. Gladly leaving behind their two open boats in which they had covered almost 1,600 hazardous miles, the exhausted men went on board and were soon heading towards home.

William Barents and his men were the first to survive the winter in those desolate, frozen and unforgiving regions of the Arctic. Nearly three hundred years later, in 1871 the little wooden house where they had wintered was discovered undisturbed with many relics which are preserved at The Hague. A part of the explorer's journal was also found in 1875.

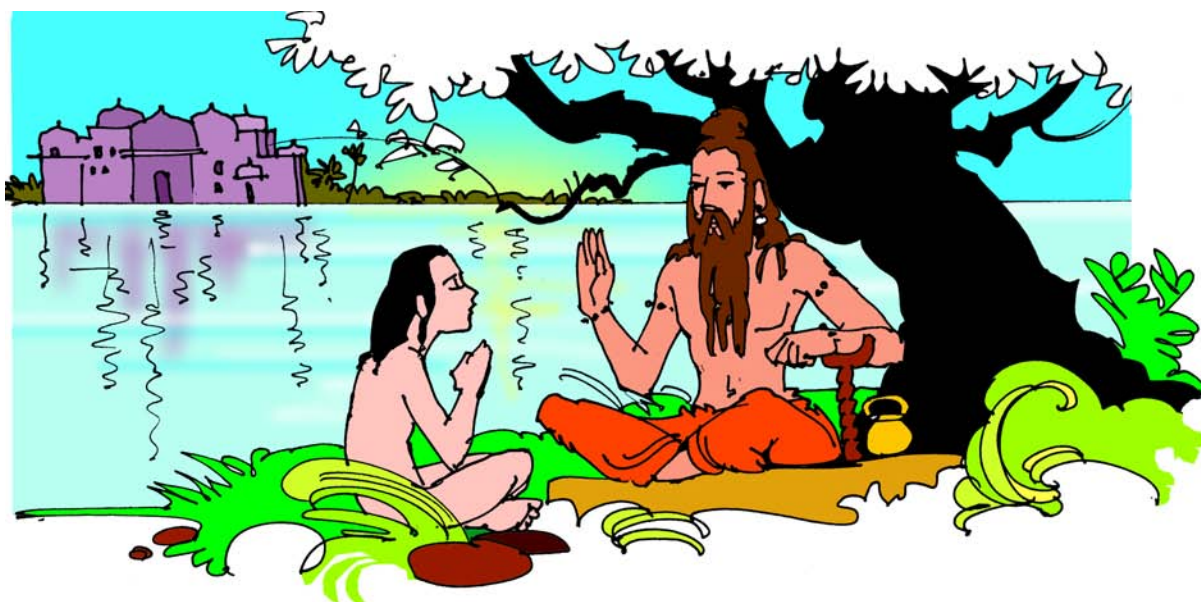
The voyages of this great sailing master stand in the first rank among the polar expeditions of the 16<sup>th</sup> century. Indeed, William

Barents failed in his courageous endeavour. But he had set a living example and paved the way for future adventurers. Finally in 1878-79, the Swedish explorer Adolf Erik Nordenskjöld became the first to cross the Northeast Passage.

(AKD)



# ONE WHO POSSESSED NOTHING



**T**he great Yogi breathed his last on the banks of the Ganga at Varanasi in the winter of 1887, after living for one hundred and thirty years in that holy city of unknown antiquity. But when was he born?

It sounds incredible. But investigation by interested people has established beyond any reasonable doubt that he was born in the princely state of Vizianagaram in Andhra Pradesh, in a village then called Holiya, in 1607, as the son of Narsingh Rao and Vidyavati Devi.

Named Sivaram by his parents who were devotees of Lord Siva, the boy grew up to be a seeker, meeting many yogis and saints. Later, he made his way to Pushkar, in Rajasthan, where his guru gave him a new name, Ganapati Saraswati. In Varanasi where he lived for the greater part of his life, he was popularly known as Tailanga Swami, because he hailed from Andhra. Probably it is not unknown to you that in ancient times the cluster of States, Bihar, Bengal, Orissa and Andhra, were known as Anga, Banga, Kalinga and Tailanga respectively.

Tailanga Swami performed numerous miracles. Witnesses, who had no reason to exaggerate, have recorded quite a number of them as facts. He moved about naked. Wives of the English officers who ruled India in the colonial days, voiced their objection. The magistrates who ordered his arrest were simply astounded by his innocence as well as the meaningful miracles he performed. They issued notices to the effect that nobody was to harass the Swami for his unusual life-style!

We shall mention here only one of the many wonders he did which his biographers got



corroborated by people who knew. River Ganga was the mother for the Swami. He could hide in the waters for any length of time and float against the current without the slightest effort. One day while the Raja of Ujjain was crossing the river in a boat, the Swami suddenly popped up at the middle of the stream and climbed on to the boat. The local aristocrats who accompanied the Raja told the latter about the Yogi and the Raja bowed to him with reverence. But it was too much for the royal personage when the Swami, like a curious child, handled the Raja's bejewelled sword and suddenly hurled it into the river as if it were a broken toy!

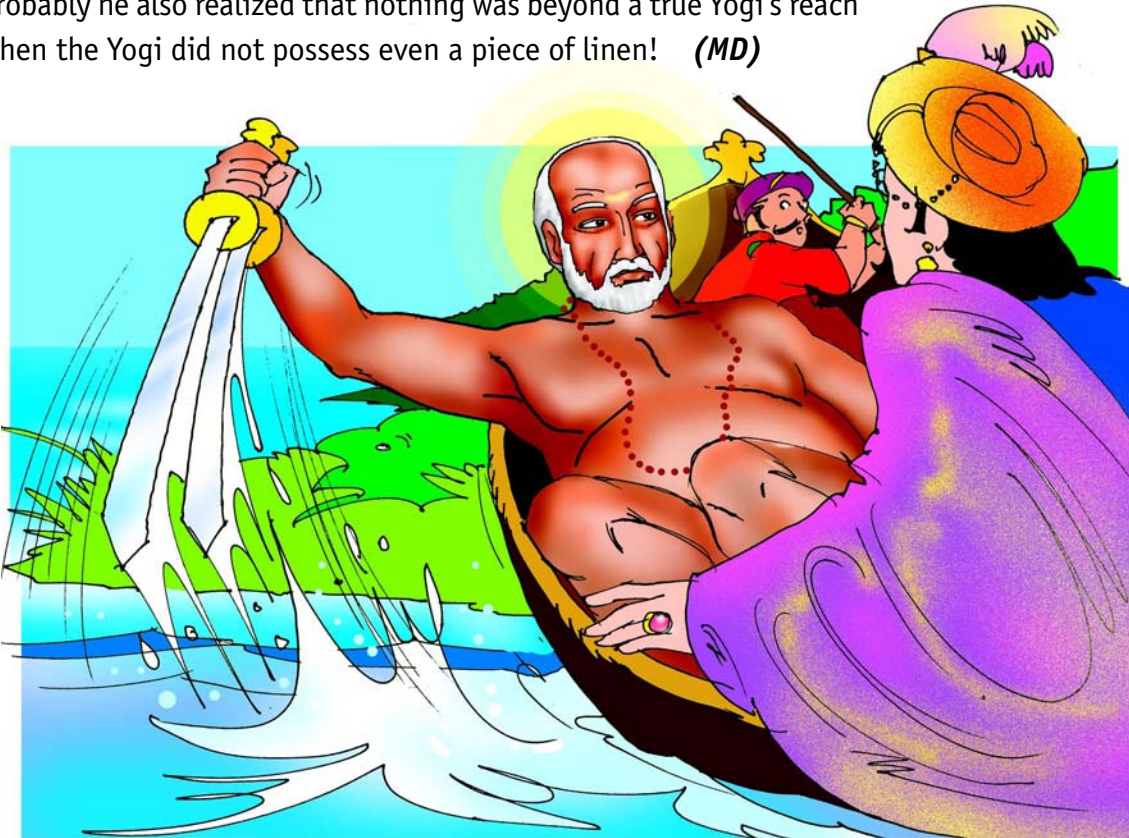
The agitated Raja grew furious, called the Yogi names and screamed in despair, for that was no ordinary sword but one presented to him by the British Governor-General of India. It was the symbol of his high status.

The Swami showed no reaction to the Raja's tantrums and shouts: "O the curse! O this crazy Sadhu! My most valuable property is gone! What do I do?"

The boat came ashore. Tailanga Swamy casually dipped his hand into the shallow water and brought up two swords and asked the flabbergasted Raja to pick up the one that was his. But both the swords were exactly the same in all details!

Looking at the perplexed Raja, the Swami asked, "Didn't you claim the sword to be your property? How come you are unable to recognize your own property?" He then threw away one sword into the water and handed over to the Raja the one that was obviously his.

The speechless Raja realized how foolish men are when they claim anything as their own! Probably he also realized that nothing was beyond a true Yogi's reach when the Yogi did not possess even a piece of linen! (MD)





## AN HONEST BODYGUARD

**S**urendra was the mighty emperor of Vaishali. He was valiant and kind-hearted. With the sudden demise of his chief bodyguard, he wanted to appoint someone in the post. He began looking for a person who would be strong, alert, tactful, and honest as well. He laid special emphasis on the integrity of the person to be appointed.

Hundreds of persons thronged the palace to compete for the post. Many persons had come even from the adjoining kingdoms to try their luck. Ultimately, two persons were short-listed and asked to meet the king after a few days for the final selection. They were Dharani and Dhoomal. Both were accommodated in the royal guest house until the final selection was over. While interacting with Dharani, Dhoomal observed that his rival was more suitable for the post and guessed that he might be ultimately selected. Soon, he became green with envy. As an extremely ambitious and unscrupulous man, it was his nature to eliminate anybody who was an obstacle in his path. So, he devised a wicked plan to remove Dharani out of his way.

He said, "Dharani! Since we have to wait for a few more days for the final selection, I think of going home. If anybody comes looking for me, give him this letter." He then produced a letter

from his pocket, gave it to Dharani and left.

He went straight to the palace and managed to meet the emperor alone. He told the emperor in hushed tones, "Your Majesty! I know that you value integrity more than anything else! That's why I've come to warn you about Dharani. He is a spy from your neighbouring kingdom and he has come here with a sinister motive. If you search him, you may get the evidence!"

Surendra got furious! At once he gave orders to arrest Dharani and search him. Dharani was brought before the emperor. The letter given by Dhoomal was recovered from him! It was addressed to the King of Magadh. The contents read: "Your majesty! Your plan is working well! I'm likely to be selected as the chief bodyguard. Thereafter, I shall pass on all secret information required by you!" The letter carried the forged signature of Dharani.

Surendra flew into a rage because dishonesty was something he could not tolerate. Without even holding an enquiry, he sent Dharani to prison. Dharani was now aware of the dirty trick played on him by Dhoomal, but none was prepared to listen to him.

After eliminating Dharani from the race, Dhoomal became the emperor's chief bodyguard.



After a few days, when the emperor was alone in his study one day, Dhoomal entered his chamber and offered him a glass of fruit juice. When the emperor was about to sip the juice, a stranger stormed into the chamber and snatched the glass from his lips. He shouted : "The fruit juice is poisoned, your majesty! Don't touch it!" He got hold of Dhoomal and said, "And here's the culprit who has done it! It's your own chief bodyguard who has tried to kill you!"

On hearing the commotion, security men rushed in and pounced on Dhoomal. The fruit juice was tested and found to be poisoned. At once, Dhoomal was dragged off to the prison.

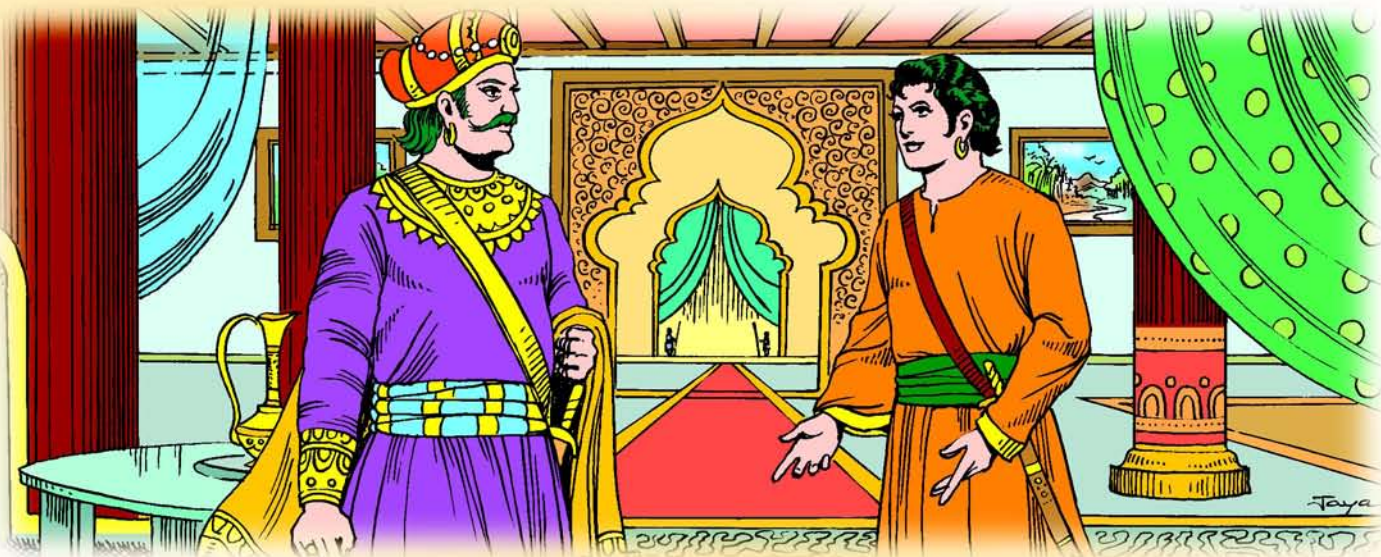
The emperor was thoroughly shaken by the incident. He soon found out that the stranger who saved him at the nick of the moment was none other than Dharani. He was very much confused. "My heartfelt thanks to you, Dharani! But I can't understand how you escaped from the prison and came here at the right time! How did you know of Dhoomal's plot to kill me?"

Dharani said in hushed tones: "Forgive me, your majesty! Don't be shocked by what I'm going to say now! As a matter of fact, I was let out of the prison by Dhoomal himself! I knew he has planned to kill you because it was I who induced him to do that!" The emperor was stunned as if struck by a thunderbolt! "What? You traitor! Was it your conspiracy then?" shrieked the emperor.

"I shall explain everything, my lord! You can reserve your judgement until then!" said Dharani. "To be frank, I'm a spy from Kalinga! My king had sent me here on a mission to assassinate you! However, after I came to know more about you and your virtues, I changed my mind. I wanted to return without completing my mission, but meanwhile, Dhoomal cheated me. Then, I learnt that your life will be in danger if an unscrupulous fellow like Dhoomal was your chief bodyguard. To get rid of him, I enticed him while in prison that if he could kill you, he would be appointed the chief of army by the King of Kalinga. As expected, Dhoomal was tempted by the offer and agreed. Please understand that I had to do this to save you from Dhoomal's clutches. Now, I'm prepared to accept any punishment you feel like giving me!"

The emperor was speechless for a few moments. Then he said, 'You don't deserve any punishment, Dharani! In fact, for your honesty, you deserve the post of my chief bodyguard!"

Dharani shook his head. "My lord! I want to be loyal to my king and kingdom only! So, I cannot accept your offer! Being a spy of the King of Kalinga, I could not carry out his order and thus failed in my duty. So, my conscience would not permit me to return to my native place either. Let me renounce this life and go to the Himalayas!" He bowed to the emperor and left.





Ask her to wait a moment -  
I am almost done.

- Carl Friedrich Gauss,  
when informed that his  
wife was dying.

# LAUGH TILL YOU DROP!



Teacher: Now class, whatever  
I ask, I want you to all answer  
at once. How much is six  
plus 4?

Class: At once!



Patient: Doctor! Doctor! I've  
got 59 seconds to live!

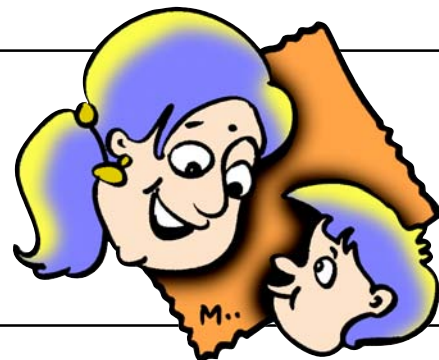
Doctor: Hold on! I'll be with  
you in a minute.

Mother: What did you learn in  
school today?

Son: How to write.

Mother: What did you write?

Son: I don't know, they haven't  
taught us how to read yet!



Son: I can't go to school today.

Father: Why not?

Son: I don't feel well.

Teacher: Where don't you feel well?

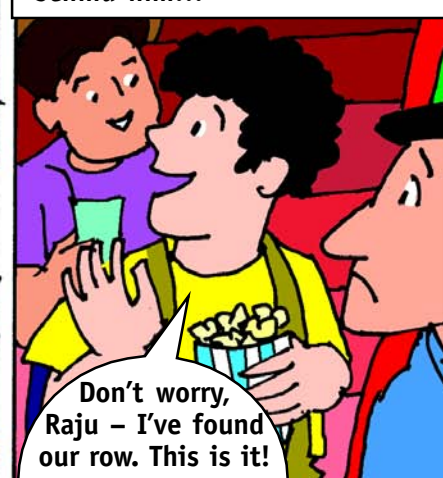
Son: In school!

## DUSHTU DATTU

At a cinema hall, just after the  
intermission...



But Dattu turns to the boy  
behind him...







FROM GUJARAT

# A BARBER FINDS LUCK

**S**evaram was a poor barber – poor because he could not earn enough money to maintain his household. One day, what he brought home would be sufficient to buy rice, dal, and vegetables, while the next day he would have earned very little with which his wife could buy only rice. Those days, she called him ‘stupid’, ‘useless’ and names which only described their state of affairs. Shivani often recalled her life before her marriage. She then had enough food to eat and drink, and pretty clothes to wear.

One evening, Sevaram came home nearly empty-handed. He had to suffer Shivani’s nagging till he lay down to sleep, but sleep eluded him for a long time. Only after he took a decision as to what he would do the next day did he get a few winks of sleep. He got up early, went for his bath, picked up his bag containing combs, scissors, razors and hair oils and walked out of his house. “I shall come back after I’ve made enough money!” he called out to his wife who stood at the doorstep wondering what her husband meant by his announcement. She did not call him back.

Shivani was aware that there were not many rich people in their village who could afford a daily shave or a frequent haircut and who could pay the lone village barber a decent fee for his service. The villagers generally were poor people and they paid him what they could spare. Often, they only made promises to pay on his next visit. So much so, Sevaram remained a poor barber.

He trudged long distances after leaving his village. He took rest beneath shaded trees, hoping some wayfarer would stop by on seeing his bag and would ask for a quick haircut or shave before he reached the town. Unfortunately, none came his way. When night came, Sevaram stretched himself under a tall tree to give rest to



his weary limbs. He fell asleep immediately.

The tree was the home of a ghost. He heard Sevaram’s loud snore and came down, expecting to find a good meal. He thought he would scare him first and then catch him. His loud noises were not enough to wake up the sleeping figure. He then shook him by his shoulders. When he found the man slowly opening his eyes, the ghost twisted and contorted his face to look horrid. “I’m glad to eat you, man!” He gave out a shriek as his hands closed in around his throat.



Sevaram was so tired after his long walk that he did not care how he died. If he was fated to be eaten by a ghost, he was willing to face his end that way. But, he suddenly remembered his wife. How would Shivani look after herself when he was dead and gone? The thought bothered him. He should live at least for her sake. Suddenly he had a brainwave. "Don't be silly!" He waved his hand to suggest that the ghost should better vanish. But he did not move away. "Do you want to see the ghost I caught last?" Sevaram opened the bag on which he had rested his head and pulled out the hand-mirror he always carried. "Look at this!" He then held it out to him. "There are more lying in my bag."

The ghost was startled as he saw a hideous face in the mirror, "Eeeeu!" he let out a screech with fright. "Don't put me in your bag with that horrible creature!" the ghost pleaded with folded hands.

The barber, who still had the mirror in his hands, said, "I won't, but only if you bring me precious stones

when you come back here before dawn." Sevaram sounded stern. The next moment the ghost vanished. The barber put back the mirror in his bag and settled down to wait. He was a little surprised when ere long the ghost came back with a bundle. He placed it in front of Sevaram and opened it to reveal a few glittering stones.

"All right, I'm now freeing you. I shall go to the town now and come back here in the evening," said Sevaram who started walking towards the town. He wanted to sell away the precious stones and collect some money. What would he do with them if he were to take them to his village? At the same time he did not want to part with all of them. So, instead of a jeweller, he searched in the town for a pawn-broker. He told him he could keep the precious stones for a month when he would come back and claim them. The pawn-broker examined the stones and found them genuine and handed a decent amount to Sevaram.

Before he went away, he asked the pawn-broker



where he could get a square meal. By now he was really feeling hungry and when he found an eating place, he ate heartily. He found the deserted verandah of a house where he stretched himself. By evening, he felt refreshed and traced his way back to the tree which indirectly had yielded some precious stones.

By now it was quite dark. He lay down, resting his head again on his bag. He did not sleep, hoping that the ghost on the tree might come down on seeing him. Meanwhile, the ghost on the tree had called in his companion on a tree nearby and had told him what happened the previous night. They planned to retrieve the precious stones and to steal the mirror that hid scary creatures like themselves. When it was nearing midnight, the two ghosts slowly came down and began examining Sevaram to find out whether he was asleep, and whether they could take away the bag without waking him up.

Sevaram was only pretending to be asleep, and was quite alert. He allowed them to drag his bag a little, and then jumped up. In a quick move, he opened the bag and pulled out the mirror and the scissors. He held the scissors in one hand and the mirror on the other. The two pointed blades were aimed at the two ghost, while he went on making snipping sounds. He turned the mirror towards them. Whether the ghosts were afraid more of the scissors or of the mirror was uncertain, but the swift movements he made with his hands were enough to scare them. They were about to climb back the tree when Sevaram shouted: "Don't move till you listen to me. Today, one of you will go and fetch me gold coins. You should come back before dawn. If you fail to turn up, you can be sure, your companion will be keeping company with the other nasty creatures in my bag!"

It was ghost number two who now began to run. Sevaram laughed behind him, but continued his war dance holding the scissors and the mirror in his hands. Ghost number one was now at his wit's end. He was hoping that his companion would turn up long before dawn so that they could go back to the tree.

Ghost number two came back just before daybreak. That day Sevaram was not at all surprised when the ghost opened a bundle to reveal gold coins. Sevaram quickly



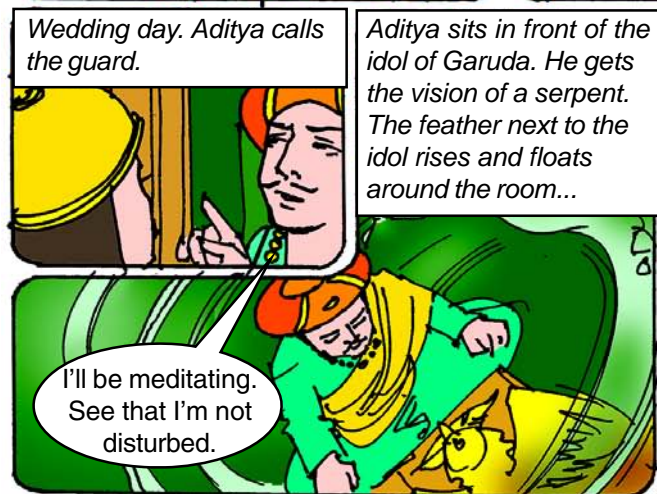
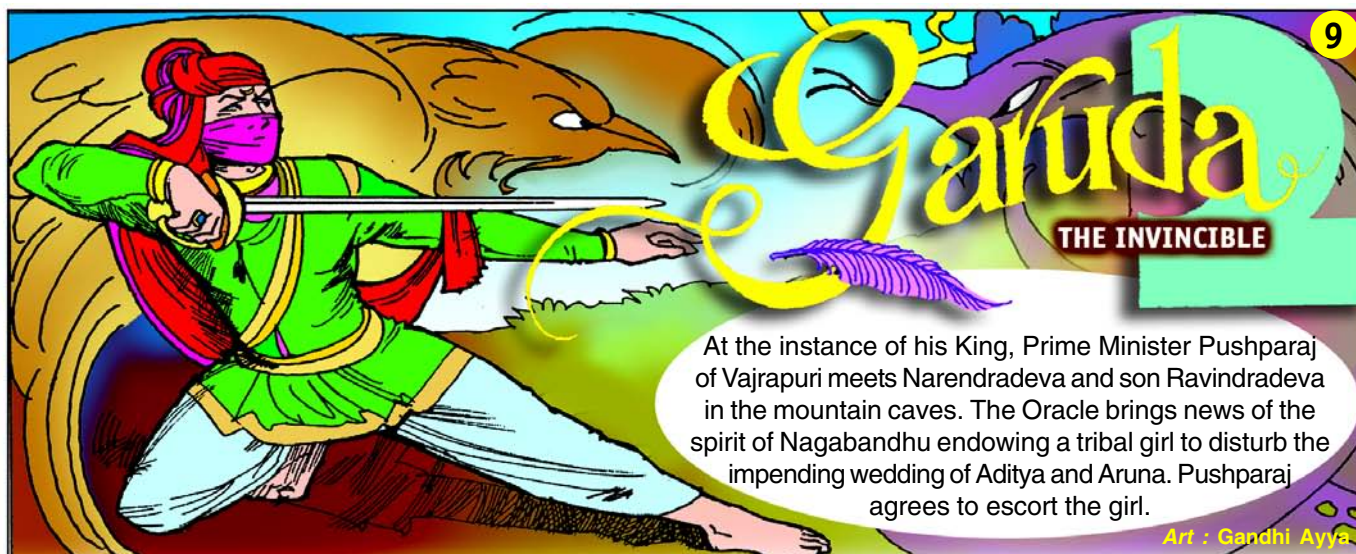
put them inside his bag. Holding his 'weapons' still in his hands, he told them, "It's already dawn, and I'll be moving away now. I shall come back again in the evening and if you both behave well, I shall let out the hideous creatures in my bag. So wait for me by night."

He put back the mirror and the pair of scissors in his bag and started moving. It was already dawn, and the ghosts realised that they could not expose themselves to daylight. Today, Sevaram did not go to town, but headed towards his village. Shivani was taken by surprise as she had expected him to keep away for several days.

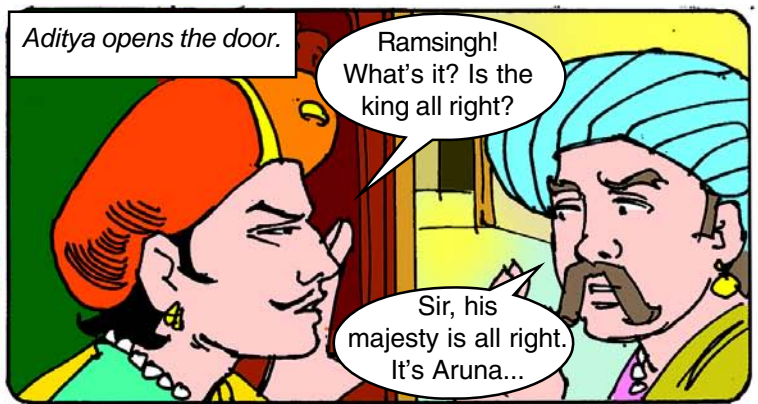
The next few moments were taken by Sevaram to describe his experience of two days. Shivani was spell bound. When she got back her breath, she remarked, "You're the bravest and cleverest man in the world."

"Those are words I've been waiting to hear for long," said Sevaram, who was no more a poor barber.

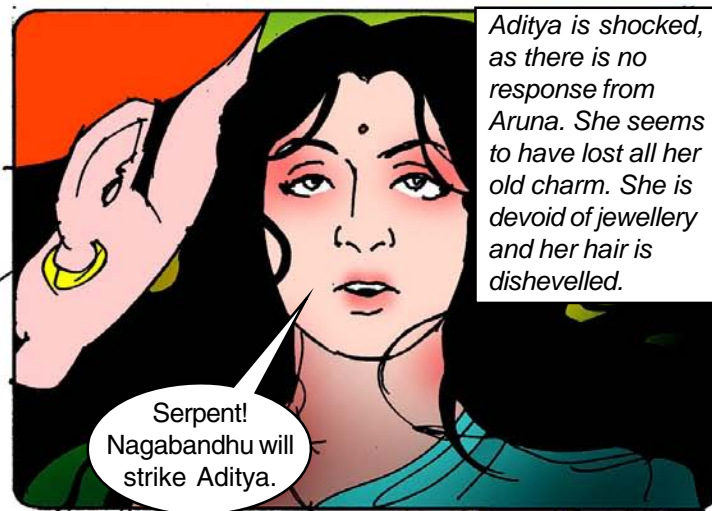






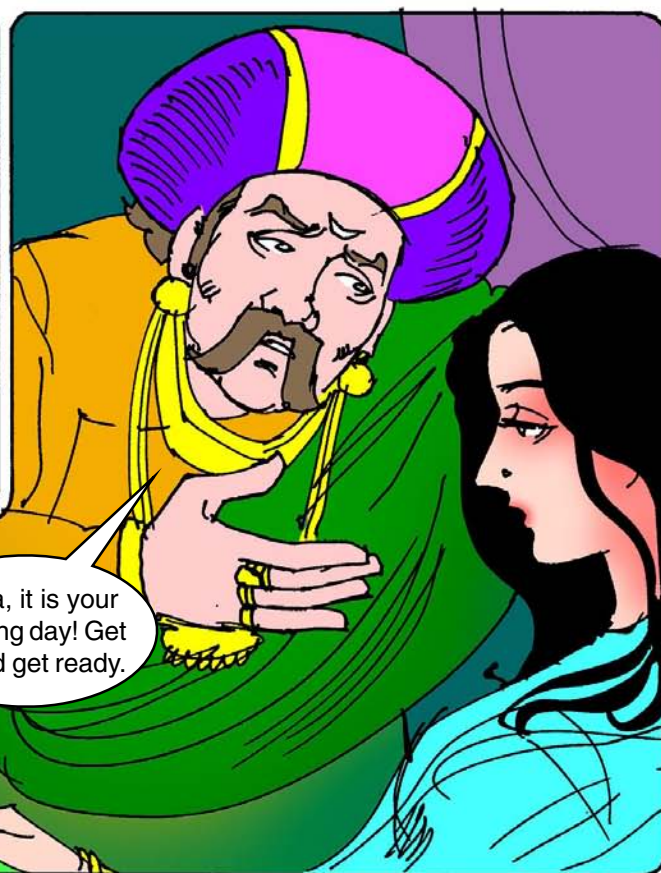






Aditya is shocked, as there is no response from Aruna. She seems to have lost all her old charm. She is devoid of jewellery and her hair is dishevelled.

Serpent!  
Nagabandhu will strike Aditya.



Aruna, it is your wedding day! Get up and get ready.

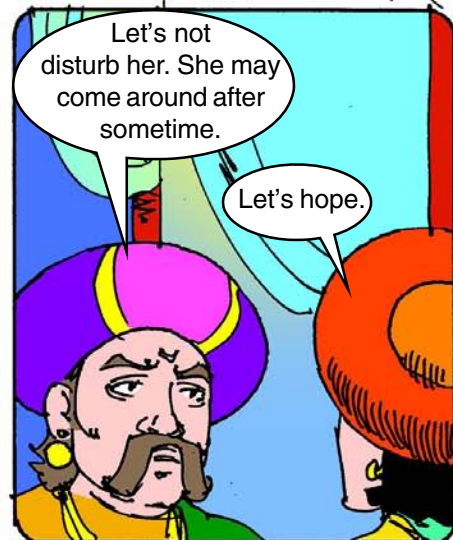
King Mahendravarma rushes in on hearing about Aruna's condition.



Somebody has done something to her!

Be on alert, and when the maids wake up, inform me. I'm now going with his majesty.

Yes, sir.



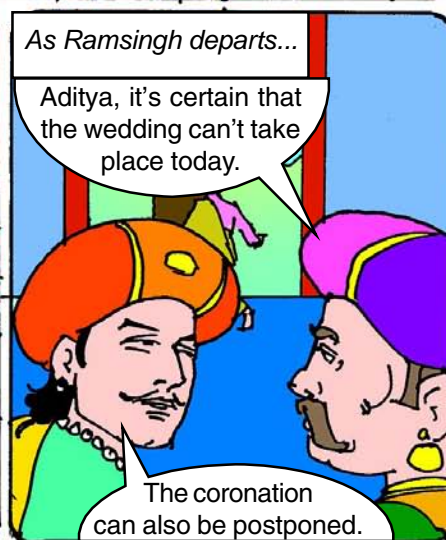
Let's not disturb her. She may come around after sometime.

Let's hope.



Ramsingh, you send for our Rajguru and the jotishi.

Yes, Sir!

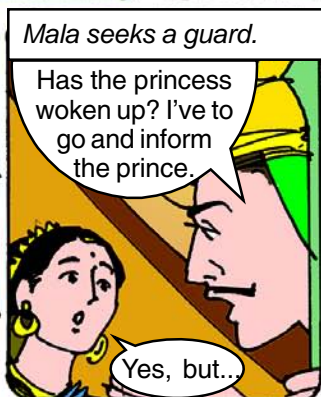
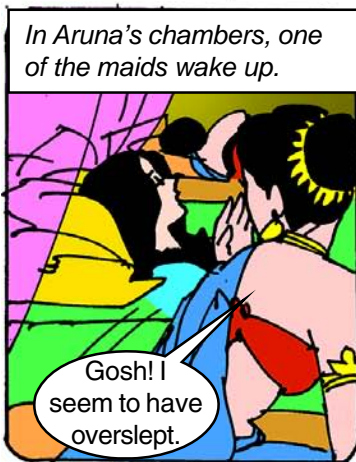


As Ramsingh departs...

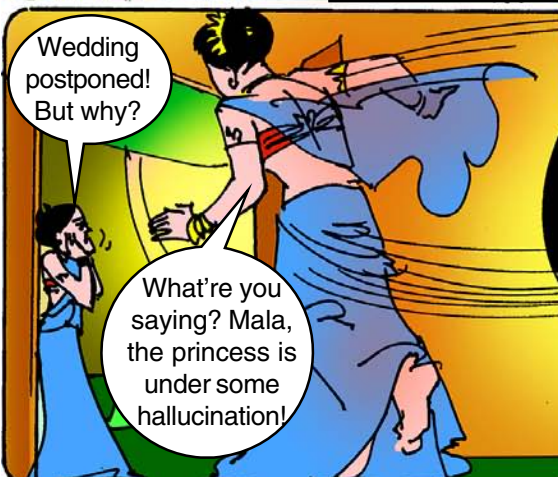
Aditya, it's certain that the wedding can't take place today.

The coronation can also be postponed.





Mala meets Ramsingh on the way.



To continue

# CHANDAMAMA QUIZ ANSWERS

## QUIZ - 5:

1. Napoleon Bonaparte.
2. Kirchhoff, German physicist.
3. Mungo Park of Scotland, on July 21, 1796.
4. Aravaan is supposed to be a son of Arjuna who sacrificed his life in the Kurukshetra war. In Vellore district, Tamil Nadu, can be seen headless statues (of Aravaan) in front of certain temples. The heads are replaced only at festival time.
5. Radiation released from the atom bombs dropped on Hiroshima and Nagasaki in 1945 was the cause of the mysterious disease.
6. Phumdi is the floating vegetation seen in Loktak Lake in north-east India.
7. King George IV of England.
8. The mountain railway between Mettupalayam and Ootacamund.
9. King Vijayaditya. He wants people to pour milk into a tank to be used in the Siva



temple every day. The tank is never full, but it overflows when an old woman pours a bowl of milk.

10. From the Japanese legend "The Nose that touched the clouds".

## **WINNER**

**The only all-correct entry was sent by SOURAV DAS (14) of Azimabad, Balasore, Orissa.**

## QUIZ-6 :

1. Zhang Xinyang, engineering student in Tianjin. He was 10 in 2005.
2. The challenge was to teach Sanskrit to King Shatavahana in six months. The challenge was taken up by Sarvavarma, whose wife expressed doubts whether it would be possible at all.
3. Between 1910 and 1914. The airship flights were suspended when World War I broke out.
4. Babul; in the deserts of Rajasthan.
5. Jahandar Shah, grandson of Emperor Aurangzeb, and Lal Kunwar the dancing girl whom he married.
6. To the question posed by a London socialite, who claimed that she was an amateur historian. Bernard Shaw said, "If I write about you, it will be history; if you write a piece about me, it will be called an anecdote!"
7. Mudskipper.
8. Her son, who had named the aircraft after her, dropped the first atom bomb over Hiroshima on Aug. 6, 1945.
9. "A strange rock in the valley."



**No all-correct entry was received.**



# CHANDAMAMA QUIZ-6

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**All the questions are based on the contents of the issues of 2005.**

**What you should do:** 1. Write down the answers; 2. Mention your name, age (you should be below 16), full postal address with PIN Code; 3. Mention your subscriber number, if you are a subscriber; 4. Write on the envelope **CHANDAMAMA QUIZ-9** with your complete address; 5. Mail your entry to reach us by September 30, 2006; 6. The results will be published in the November issue.

**AN  
ALL-CORRECT  
ENTRY WILL  
FETCH A CASH  
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\* If there are more than one all-correct entry, a lot will be taken to decide the prizewinner. However, the names of all those who have sent all-correct entries will be published.

1. A village in Tamil Nadu created a record in planting trees which saved them from tsunami. Which is the village? What is the record?
2. Craters on Mars and the moon have been named after him. Who is being referred to here? How did he earn this honour?
3. A bird, native to Mauritius, became extinct in about a hundred years. Which was that bird?
4. Ramjani was a commoner, but she had 'Shah Bhai' as her 'Rakhi-brother'. Who was Shah Bhai? One clue: he used to be a resident of the Red Fort in Delhi.
5. Who coined the term 'vitamin'?
6. "Watson, I want you here." Who was calling whom? What is the significance of this 'invitation'?
7. After whom was called the city of Hyderabad?
8. Xena is the famous warrior princess of a popular TV serial. She will soon lend her name to something more permanent. What is it?
9. A place in Gujarat celebrated Holi in 2004. The next day the whole place was submerged by a river. Which was that place?
10. This is a caricature of a mother and son. Can you identify them?





# Photo Caption CONTEST

*Can you write a caption  
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to suit these pictures  
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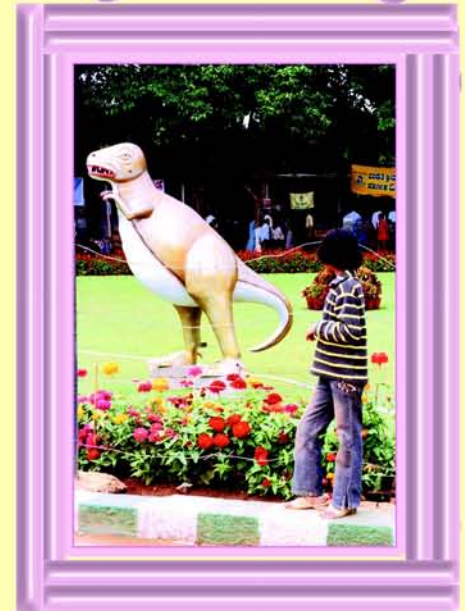
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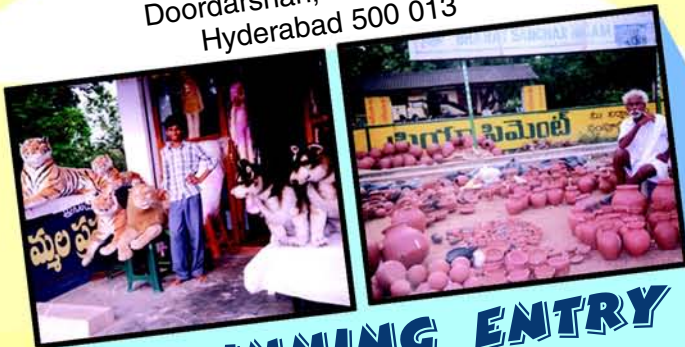


MAHANTESH C. MORABAD

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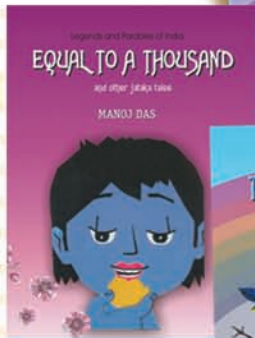
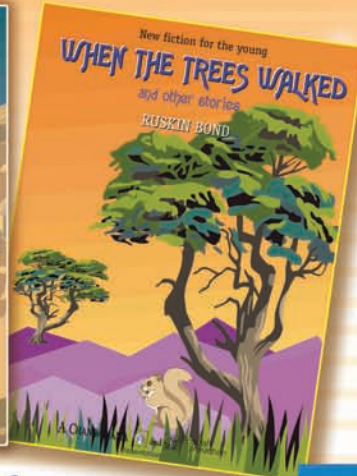
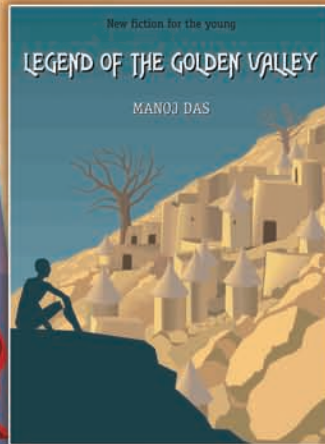
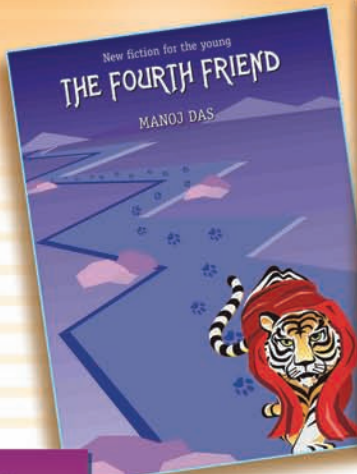
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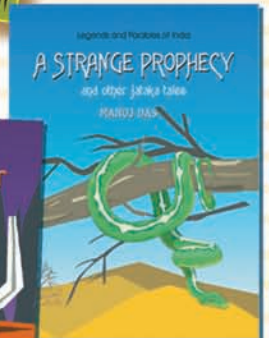
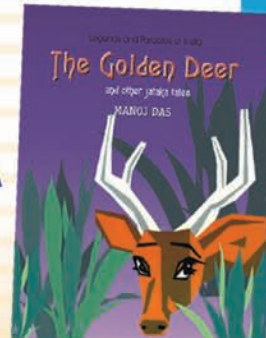


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